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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A Dose of Optimism

WE have had a double dose of pessimism administered in book after book for the past few years. The reference is not to the financial depression which in terms of historical values is a casualty rather than a calamity. It passes, but the pessimism with which critics of society view the United States began before the collapse of prosperity and will outlast its recovery. It may be as dangerous as the conditions which they describe with such shrill alarm.

The French and the English are afraid of us. M. Duhamel sees a vast mechanical civilization crushing the individual, and so immensely attractive to the vulgar-minded of every race that it will prove more irresistible than the march of Roman culture. He had been reading Siegfried before he arrived here and echoes the shrewd but too logical conclusions of that observer. To Mr. Linklater in his "Juan in America" the mechanism is itself a joke. America seems to him like a gigantic football game, where players and audience are both organized, the one group deadly serious in the pursuit of a fiction, the other hysterical in its excitement over a contest that has no end but a score.

As for our local intellectuals, they fairly writhe in describing the mess which they still call their country. In the recent symposium, "Behold America," the title should be followed by three exclamation marks and a gasp in order to define the contents! And it is only the last of a series of books, some fiction and drama, some criticism, which excoriate everything that seems most characteristic of what is being called Americanism.

From rural sign boards to segregated wealth, and from Prohibition to mail-order culture, their indictment is based upon abundant evidence. It is a well laid charge; but a charge is not a conviction. Indeed there are several circumstances which suggest that once again the critics are writing literary history, proceeding by literary psychology, and drawing a picture of America that has more art than truth. American writers and foreign observers of America have always side-slipped in this direction. The foreigners in the nineteenth century thought that if only our manners should improve we might make a civilization, and the classic American writers, from Irving to Mark Twain, all were concerned with describing a country vehemently different from what the United States clearly had first to become. Their implied Utopias may have been better than what we have now, but were certainly lacking in some extraordinarily good things which did actually come out of the United States and which they never thought of.

Good readers of history will remember the passionate attacks on "feudalism" and "the European system" which were so common in American writing a century and more ago, and which were echoed with enthusiasm by European radicals. The rights of the average man to share in land, recreation, and political power were new, weak, and romantic then. To squat upon a quarter section of magnificent forest and reduce it to unprofitable ruin seemed as magnificent a gesture of pioneering then, as to tear down an eighteenth century house to erect a filling station seems vulgar and iconoclastic now. The hearty immigrant shedding custom as he went westward was Hope, the aristocrat through whose fingers he had slipped was Tyranny and worse.

All this seems faintly ridiculous today. We have exploited the new continent, made the new civilization, and it spreads backward into the Old World like a forest fire in a change of wind. Our romance and our criticism change direction with it, and a new literature arises in which Europe this time is the hero, and mechanism instead of feudalism is the villain.

Such a reversal does not prove that the critics are wrong; it suggests, merely that they may exaggerate. And indeed their very hopelessness is a point against them. Human nature is much the same here as in Europe and today as a century ago. What has changed is the circumstance by which a type—the acquisitive, materialistic type that loves power over things and has physical comfort as an ideal—has been given dominance over a civilization. This type has organized our means of living, made food plentiful, transportation easy, cleanliness general, education widespread, and standardized recreation available for all. It has also wrecked our forests, ruined our roadsides with advertising, debased our newspapers, debauched our theatre, and set profit making as the sole criterion of success. It is not an American type, but it has been more successful in both a good and a bad sense here than elsewhere. The type, especially, has been less selfish here than abroad, and has distributed its benefits more widely among common men.

If men of different minds, and notably the in-

(*Continued on page 774*)

The Edge

By LÉONARD BACON

THE country is as yet unknown. Some few,
Returning, tell of giant desert tracts,
Sky-splitting crags, enormous cataracts,
Where the superlative rivers have cut through
Ramparts whose summits touch the central blue,
Strange light the mysterious world of stone refracts,
And fancies are less dreadful than the facts,
Though it's hard to tell the true from the untrue.

I have been among the foothills, on the rim
Of that wild world, and now and then have spoken
With those who through the wilderness have broken,
Or dwelt among the mountains vapor-capped,
For a season. To them it was all dim and grim
Ghost country, desperate, dangerous, unmapped.

This Week

"Body, Mind and Spirit."
Reviewed by BERNARD SACHS, M.D.

"Adam's Rib."
Reviewed by JOHN ERSKINE.

"The Natives of England."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"The White King of La Gonave."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"Children Who Run on All Fours."
Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL.

"The Road to Canaan."
Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

"Cold Blue Moon."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"Eskimo."
Reviewed by DANES BARRINGTON.

"Last and First Men."
Reviewed by FRED T. MARSH.

Granules from an Hour-Glass.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"The Science of Life."
Reviewed by RICHARD S. LULL.

America's Battle in Europe

By ROBERT G. ALBION

"THE American people think of you as their 'fighting general' and I want them to have that idea more and more brought home to them," wrote Secretary of War Baker to Pershing in 1918. The General in his two interesting volumes* has certainly followed the Secretary's suggestions. His fights with the Germans, however, seem to be overshadowed by his fights with the French, the British, and even with the American General Staff.

After almost every war, it is the unsuccessful who rush into print first to get their side of the story before the public. The final victors, more secure in their reputations, can afford to take their time. The leaders in the World War ran true to form. Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Falkenhayn and many lesser lights among the defeated nations lost no time in explaining how it happened. On the Allied side, the first memoirs from important leaders came from French, Hamilton, and others who had not met with success. Now, more than a decade after the fighting, the successful commanders-in-chief are finally presenting their accounts, not so much to consolidate their positions as to meet a widespread popular demand.

The past few weeks have seen the appearance of such memoirs from two commanders whose names alone are sufficient to assure their volumes an outstanding place among the vast mass of World War literature. Considering the relative positions and personalities of Pershing and Foch, it is somewhat of a surprise that the taciturn commander of the A. E. F. has produced a more interesting and valuable work than the Allied Generalissimo who was situated where he could see a great deal more and who, moreover, was born in southern France where the inhabitants are proverbially loquacious. Foch may be criticized for saying too little; Pershing for saying too much. The latter consideration, however, makes the American commander's volumes an important contribution to history because of his full and frank revelations of what went on behind the scenes.

* * *

General Pershing's "Experiences" start with his appointment as commander of the American Expeditionary Force in May, 1917, and close with the celebration of the Armistice. The arrangement is strictly chronological. It consists of quotations from his wartime diary, followed by amplified discussion written more than ten years later. The advantage of such an arrangement is its revelation of the unfolding of manifold problems day by day. The natural consequence, however, is the difficulty in following any single topic very far at a stretch. The diary selections indicate the complexity of the life of a commander-in-chief who had to adjust relations with everything from the French Army to the Salvation Army. There was constant discussion of details of training programs, airplane construction, railroads, docks, hospitals, censorship, forestry, and forage. There were continual interviews or dinners with marshals, prime ministers, diplomats, congressmen, and industrial leaders and there were frequent ceremonies involving formal speeches. The style of the memoirs is clear and straightforward, so the book is easy to read.

Pershing was not called upon to assume responsibility in grand strategy, since Foch was endowed with control in that sphere before the Americans were ready for action. Pershing's chief achieve-

* MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR. By JOHN J. PERSHING. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 2 vols. 1931. $10.

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ments, aside from the final success of the American arms, were the employment of the Americans as a separate army rather than as replacements in the Allied forces, the training of the American troops in open warfare rather than in trench fighting, and the building up of a highly complicated fighting and supply organization for nearly two million men three thousand miles from home. Success in the first two came only after stubborn resistance to constant and powerful pressure from the Allied leaders. Those struggles form the central theme of these memoirs.

It is no news that Pershing created a separate American army in the face of French and British efforts to secure American troops simply as reinforcements for their own depleted divisions. The most important revelations of the Pershing memoirs, however, concern the surprising amount of friction, jealousy, and incriminations developed during this contest. There were strong arguments on both sides. The collapse of the Russian front gave Germany numerical superiority on the Western Front. The French and British were making desperate efforts to maintain and if possible to increase their strength there. They felt that America would serve the Allies best by replenishing their shattered divisions with infantrymen and machine gunners who could be whipped into shape in a short time. The separate army which Pershing desired implied specialized troops and staffs which would take much longer to train adequately. If America tried to provide these before participating, the Allies felt that either their quality would be deficient or the participation would be too late. Pershing, on the other hand, believed that "the nationals of no country would willingly serve under a foreign flag in preference to their own," and foresaw the friction which was bound to arise from such service.

A three-cornered fight developed. England and France, according to Pershing, were each jealous of the amount of American assistance the other might receive. Both joined against Pershing in his efforts to secure a separate army. Each of the three parties had powerful trumps. French coöperation was necessary for the building up of the American supply and combat organization in France, while Foch, when he became Generalissimo, was still a Frenchman. The British tried to capitalize their control of shipping by dictating the type of troops they would transport and by stipulating that these troops serve with the British. Pershing, for his part, had control of the American reinforcements which both needed. The Allies tried to "go over his head" with appeals to Washington, but met with scant success. It has been the impression that Wilson backed Pershing in all matters. Except for a general remark in the foreword, Pershing makes no acknowledgment of such support. Instead, he complained in the spring of 1918 when the President acceded to Lord Reading's arguments that nothing but infantry and machine gun units be sent over for four months. Pershing was urging the sending of complete divisions, but France, according to Clemenceau, was "overflowing with artillery."

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The contest reached a dramatic climax in the meeting of the Supreme War Council at Abbéville at the end of April, 1918. The Germans had made two of their five great "Peace Drives" and the third was liable to descend at any moment upon the exhausted Allied lines. There was desperate need for more men and the idea of a separate American army must have seemed of decidedly minor consequence to the anxious leaders. Pershing stubbornly resisted their arguments.

> Foch said: "You are willing to risk our being driven back to the Loire?" I said: "Yes, I am willing to take the risk. Moreover, the time may come when the American Army will have to stand the brunt of this war, and it is not wise to fritter away our resources in this manner. . . ." Then Foch again said that the war might be over before we were ready. I said that the war could not, in my opinion, be saved by feeding untrained American recruits into the Allied armies. . . . At about this juncture, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and Mr. Orlando, evidently becoming impatient, walked into the room. Milner met Lloyd George at the door and said in a stage whisper behind his hand, "You can't budge him an inch." . . . Lloyd George said to me, "Can't you see that the war will be lost unless we get this support?" which statement was echoed in turn by Clemenceau and Orlando. In fact, all five of the party attacked me with all the force and prestige of their high positions.

From that time on, the opposition to Pershing's separate army lessened, though a month later, when the Supreme War Council met at Versailles, Clemenceau remarked that "the Germans would not postpone their attacks" until the Americans were ready. On July 10, Foch finally agreed to a separate American army. The Americans had already shown their mettle in the Marne Salient. A month later, final plans were made for the new American army to attack the St. Mihiel Salient. On the very day (August 30th) that Pershing took over command in that area, however, his joy was dampened by a surprise visit from Foch and Weygand who proposed that part of the American forces should be withdrawn to serve under the French on the Aisne. Pershing then quotes a remarkable dialogue:

> "Marshal Foch, you have no authority as Allied Commander-in-Chief to call upon me to yield up my command of the American Army and have it scattered among the Allied forces where it will not be an American army at all." He was apparently surprised at my remark and said, "I must insist upon the arrangement," to which I replied, as we both rose from the table where we sat, "Marshal Foch, you may insist all you please, but I decline absolutely to agree to your plan. While our army will fight wherever you may decide, it will not fight except as an independent American army."

The result was a compromise at Bombon three days later, by which the American army took over a ninety-four mile sector and arranged to assume the Meuse-Argonne as well as the St. Mihiel offensive. Foch says little of this in his memoirs but he does tell how, six weeks later, he thwarted Clemenceau's demand for Pershing's removal on account of alleged inactivity in the Meuse-Argonne.

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Next to the contest for the separate army, Pershing's principal struggle was to have his troops trained for open warfare instead of trench fighting. The Allied leaders and instructors vigorously opposed this, but Pershing felt it essential to develop the aggressiveness for the offensive which was necessary for a decision. He urged constant drill with the rifle and bayonet in the training camps at home, and was indignant at a War Department training pamphlet which opened with the statement that "under existing conditions training for trench warfare is of paramount importance." He was also angry at Petain's "backdoor criticisms" of American training methods and secured an apology from the French commander. With Tardieu he was even more abrupt. Pershing pointed out that during the winter of 1917-18 the Germans were given incessant drill in open warfare while the British, when forced out of their trenches, "acted as though something were radically wrong that there was not another trench somewhere for them to go into." In June, 1918, he remarked that "after considerable experience, it was the inevitable conclusion that, except for the details of trench warfare, training under the French or British was of little value." Pershing felt that his insistence on open warfare was justified by the performance of his troops and was gratified in October by Foch's general advocacy of open fighting.

Though Pershing wrote that "no American general in the field has received the perfect support accorded me by Mr. Baker," his memoirs are full of constant criticism of the General Staff and other officials at home. He accused the General Staff of inertia and lack of foresight and felt that he did not receive proper coöperation in the matter of supplies and training. Though Pershing expressed a preference for Biddle to succeed Scott as Chief of Staff, March received the permanent assignment. Pershing opposed the proposal to place Goethals in charge of the Service of Supply in a "coördinate rather than subordinate" relation to himself. He was angry at the practice of referring his recommendations back to the Allied representatives at Washington, and declared that the supply system was little better than during the Spanish-American War. On one occasion, he ordered that cuspidors, lawn mowers, and the like were no longer to be shipped as essential articles of field equipment. Stirred by the shortage of transportation and hospital equipment, he cabled on October 3, 1918, that "unless supplies are furnished, armies will cease to operate," and he was continually complaining of the lack of training among the soldiers who came overseas. Yet, considering the nation's unpreparedness for the conflict and the tremendous magnitude of the supply and training burdens which fell upon those at home, Pershing's criticisms seem unduly harsh, nor do they fit in with his final appreciation of the "indefatigable efforts" on this side.

The principal shortcoming of the memoirs is the inadequate treatment of Pershing's relation to the actual fighting. The conference at Beauvais on April 3, 1918, gave strategical control to Foch and tactical control to the commanders-in-chief of the various armies. One is left in doubt as to just how Pershing exercised that tactical control. The descriptions of the fighting are on the whole perfunctory and impersonal, though the maps are excellent. It would have added greatly to the interest of the work if he had described the sessions of "G 3," the operations section of the staff, as vividly as he pictures the meetings of the Supreme War Council. Pershing must have played a prominent part in such sessions, for the Americans have not followed the German custom of making the commander-in-chief a figurehead, while his chief of staff wields the real authority. Pershing does, however, meet two criticisms which had been levelled at the St. Mihiel offensive. It has been asked why it stopped short instead of trying for Metz. He declares that "without doubt, an immediate continuation of the advance would have carried us well beyond the Hindenburg Line and possibly into Metz, and the temptation to press on was very great, but we would have probably become involved and delayed the greater Meuse-Argonne operation." The second criticism was that veteran divisions, such as the First, Second, and Twenty-sixth, were used at St. Mihiel where there was a great preponderance of force anyway, while relatively green divisions were employed for the much more critical jump-off in the Meuse-Argonne where a more rapid advance during the initial surprise attack would have been invaluable. In this connection, he writes:

> as anything short of complete success would undoubtedly be seized upon to our disadvantage by those of the Allies who opposed the policy of forming an American army, no chances of a repulse in our first battle could be taken. These considerations prompted the decision to use some of our most experienced divisions among the others.

Pershing also reveals an interesting discussion of Armistice terms by the commanders-in-chief at Senlis. Haig, it seems, was the most lenient while Pershing claims that he was the most severe and constantly urged complete surrender rather than armistice. Foch appears to have agreed with him.

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The general impression of Pershing as a cold and uncommunicative individual like Wellington or Kitchener is somewhat dispelled by occasional anecdotes and flashes of humor. For instance, one learns that the American troops were so considerate of the French civil population that the French questioned their aggressive ability. He relates that the French peasantry were loath to sell horses to the Americans, hoping that heavy importation of horses from America would result in post-war bargains. He tells how Poincaré had to stand on tiptoe to kiss him after bestowing the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. The way that the notice of the Germans was directed toward Belfort by false plans, allowed to fall into the hands of a spy, in order to divert attention from St. Mihiel, is well described. One wishes that the General had included even more of such episodes.

Finally, one is impressed with Pershing's sublime self-confidence throughout. Referring to his assumption of the command of a "theoretical army which had yet to be constituted, equipped, trained, and sent abroad," he declared, "there was no doubt in my mind then, or at any other time, of my ability to do my part, provided the Government would furnish men, equipment, and supplies." The most modest statement in the memoirs is his disclaiming of the famous words, "Lafayette, we are here!" which he attributes to Colonel C. E. Stanton of his staff. At times, some of his statements concerning the achievements of the troops seem quite sweeping. After the third German drive had been checked around Chateau Thierry, Pershing reported to Baker, "Our Second and Third Divisions actually stopped the Germans. The French were not equal to it. I fear that I must put some of our regiments into the weaker French divisions temporarily, to give them courage." He claims that "the St. Mihiel victory probably did more than any single operation of the war to encourage the tired Allies." As for the quick shift of divisions from St. Mihiel to the Meuse-Argonne, he states that "it is believed that history gives no parallel of such an undertaking with so large an army," and finally he implies that the Armistice came when it did because the American First Army rendered the German position on the Western Front untenable. Some of those statements may not be exaggerations. It seems quite certain that the quality and quantity of the great American reinforcements under Pershing turned the tide on the Western Front. Yet it is possible that some Frenchmen and Englishmen in reading those lines may recall the parable of the eleventh-hour laborer who received the same wages as those who had toiled through the heat of the day.

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Mind and Disease

BODY, MIND AND SPIRIT. By ELWOOD WORCESTER & SAMUEL MCCOMB. Boston: Marshall Jones. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD SACHS, M. D.

MEDICAL men, and especially the neurologic and psychiatric group, will welcome this latest contribution by the well-known sponsors of the Emmanuel Movement; and the lay public will find much of interest in its pages to stimulate thought and to provoke comment. While the medical profession is set against the unwarranted and almost absurd claims of osteopaths and chiropractors, and is eager to protect the public against the harm that may come of their unscientific practices, physicians have an entirely different regard for those "healers" who have to do with the effect of the mind over the body.

Since the days of Charaka—the oldest Hindu priest, medicine man, and writer—no physician in his senses has questioned the mental factor in disease any more than he has doubted the existence of a soul: but he has made due allowance for those organs which are after all directly responsible for the continuance of the life machinery. He is bound to say to the priest of the soul, to the Christian Scientists, to the Emmanuel Apostle, "know thy limitations; do not slight physical conditions while looking for the spiritual." Emphasis on the spiritual, on the mental factor, may bring great relief to the psycho-neurotic, but failure to recognize an incipient tuberculosis, incipient paralysis, or an early stage of cancer may imperil seriously the patient's life. The medical diagnostician is the "healer's" protector, without claiming infallibility for either one of them.

In their first work published "nearly twenty-three years ago," a physician (Dr. Coriat) was associated with Worcester and McComb; he seems to have been dropped by the wayside, but there is evidence throughout the book that the "Emmanuel Movement" (now the "Craigie Foundation") has always maintained satisfactory relations with the medical profession (always in the interest of the patient and public); but Dr. Worcester has been sorely tried by some recent psychiatric and psychologic teachings and especially by the claims and doctrines of the psychoanalysts. Like his friend William McDougall, whose works he has evidently studied very carefully, he lauds Freud as the greatest psychologist of the day and then proceeds to state his disagreement with him on the essential points of the psycho-analytic doctrines. He does not accept Freud's interpretation of the subconscious, he sees the fallacies inherent in the symbolism of dreams, he doubts the universality and paramount importance of the sex urge, he questions the frequency of the Œdipus complex (upon which Freud himself has thrown doubt), he recognizes the purely dramatic value of the Censor as the guardian of sleep, and is wise enough to shun the Freudian libido. He has had the courage to come out into the open with much intelligent and useful criticism. It is too bad that he does not seem to have known *Wohlgemuth's* "Critical Examination of Psycho-Analysis," and that he does not fall back upon psychological analysis as practiced by Janet and others.

What the Freudian disciples need most is a course in logic. Granted, that Freud has revealed a number of surprising and most interesting facts regarding the influence of the subconscious, granted, that in the early life of some children premature sexual factors have exerted their influence; granted, that there is a use of symbolism in some of our dreams; granted, that once in a thousand cases a boy has hated the father because of his devotion to the mother; all this does not prove that the subconscious is the controlling factor of conduct, that the activities of later life are to be attributed chiefly to early sex experiences, that the sex urge is the one and only powerful urge of our lives, nor does it prove that dreams can only be interpreted by psychoanalysts (and no two agree), nor that the Œdipus complex or the Electra complex is the controlling factor in the lives of our normal sons and daughters. All this and much more may be gathered from the pages of this book. Worcester, as a pupil of Wundt and Fechner and a follower of the Nancy School, has been greatly impressed with the effect of suggestion, and finds himself in opposition to the Freudians who at all times try to belittle the effect of suggestion and yet are constantly making use of it as a therapeutic measure. That they deny this means naught.

Worcester, as an acknowledged disciple of Jung, speaks approvingly of the division of humans into introverts and extroverts, admires Jung's keenness in separating the chaff from the wheat of Freudian doctrines—with all of which we are disposed to agree, also with his approval of Janet, of McDougall, of Morton Prince, and of William James. He favors spiritualism to a degree that the medical scientist cannot approve, and his confidence in the achievements of psychic research is greater than ours; but let the intelligent reader study these pages with an open mind. It would be easy to disagree with the authors on some details, as, for instance, when they intimate that the difference between psychical disorders and the true psychosis is that the psychoses are incurable; but that would be of the order of captious criticism. In the first thirty-six pages, there is a very just estimate of the subconscious mind, and, by the way, the authors do not regard it as a depository for disagreeable experiences—the kind one would like to forget; they pay their respects to the Freudian views on religion and love. Naturally they resent considering the former "the Great Illusion" and the latter as expressing a "desire to return to the womb—

Mr. J. B. Priestley, on leaving New York for the West, said: "I have had more insults here in one week than in the whole thirty-six years of my life."
CARTOON FROM THE LONDON "WEEK-END REVIEW"

by making ourselves small and the loved one great." "It is a pity that Shakespeare, Goethe, Browning, and Swinburne, did not know this. It would have saved them much trouble." We agree.

In Chapter II there is a discussion of the "psychoneuroses and their physicians." What a fatal slip for those who above all things wish to consider the person and not merely the disease! The "psychoneurotics" are treated by their physicians. Aside from this, there is a very able discussion of the question of "transfer," of fixations, of free association; and an illuminating discussion, coming from a clergyman, on the Confessional, which they call "the great forerunner of psycho-analysis"; they also make intelligent reference to the "inferiority complex" and do not make it synonymous, as so often happens with a degree of personal modesty. The authors' views on the difference between organic and functional nervous diseases need some revision. In Taylor or Walton or Ayres of Boston, they will find excellent advisers. The chapters, relating personal experiences, on sleep and insomnia, on dreams, and on suggestion, contain much that is well worth reading, except that now and then they plunge somewhat too boldly into the psychiatric pool as when they state almost as a personal discovery that depressed persons invariably feel worst in the morning—few facts have been better known. That case of "fæcal vomiting" needs medical revision, if not supervision; and the chapter on "Psychoses of Mood"—a discussion of manic-depressive states—should only have been written in association with a trained psychiatrist, who would have prevented the authors from saying: "Most psychiatrists today, I (it is never "we") find, are very loath to undertake these cases but prefer to dispatch such patients to sanatoriums—perhaps to save themselves trouble and possible loss of prestige (how kind!) perhaps (sic) because they truly wish to safeguard the patient's life." The water is very deep.

Physicians often wonder that lay writers airily discuss medical facts of great complexity. Thus Worcester knows that by its very diffusion, the virulence of syphilis "has mitigated." Some of us may suggest that it is due to improved methods of treatment. In spite of minor shortcomings, Worcester and McComb have done well by contributing these chapters on the influence of the mind over the body.

When we pass on to the last one hundred pages, we refuse to plunge into the theologic pool and yield the palm to the Reverend Gentlemen. We are willing to accept their studies on the "Healing Deeds of Jesus" and are ready to endorse their conclusions on the reality and power of prayer without denying that in some of the instances cited, factors other than prayer were of great importance. In the final chapter on Spiritual Healing, the authors take an admirable stand which will evoke much praise—"It is high time for the minister to realize that man is *not* (authors' italics) a soul without a body, as it is also high time for the physician to realize that man is *not* a body without a soul. Hence a concordat between these two greatest of all professions is urgently necessary if the combined forces of science and religion are to be brought to bear upon a multitude of ills that are not amenable to ordinary material medical remedies."

To all of which we say Amen, with the conviction that there is plenty of work ahead for priest and doctor.

The Female of the Species

ADAM'S RIB. By MARY DAY WINN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN ERSKINE

THIS brilliant book supplies us with an astonishing collection of statistics about the American woman today, about her personal tastes and habits, her new social freedoms, her success in business, her economic power, and her intellectual influence. The facts are convincing, and they are presented with epigrammatic zest. Miss Day is evidently amused as well as amazed at the energetic progress of her sex. But I doubt if women will like what she has written. The picture is true, but it isn't the kind of truth women in general want told about them.

The typewriter, the printing press, the war, and the psychoanalysts, says Miss Winn, have liberated the American woman. The typewriter put her into business, the war kept her there, the psychoanalysts released her from conventions and gave a new sanction to emotion, in which woman always excels, and the newspapers gave her a grip on publicity and advertising. Her cult of luxury has controlled the direction of modern industry, she is the colossal spender of the ages, and she has shrewdly cherished and strengthened her ancient feminine appeal to a point where, in the office, she beats out the male competitor, and by other means than mere business efficiency, and in the home she is enough of the clinging vine to possess forty-one per cent of the country's individual wealth, what with legacies and life insurance provided by the males for her protection against a hard world.

In this advance toward power the American woman has made a domestic and public science of sex appeal. She makes herself attractive not simply for one man but for society as a whole. Perfumes are an old weapon, but the American woman wields them in a new technic by applying them to her person rather than to her garments, and she would as soon expect to start the day without her clothes as without her compact and pocket mirror.

She has discovered immense possibilities for pleasure and perhaps for happiness in middle age, that stage in the journey which once terrified her. The middle-aged woman, especially if she is unmarried and earns her living and lives in a large city, can do pretty much as she likes, make her own experiments with life, satisfy all curiosities, meet the most insistent proprieties, and choose a husband if and when she pleases. The spinster is neither more nor less free than the married woman; they collaborate with each other in spending, in controlling the nation's business, in substituting a frankly emotional appeal for the more rational philosophies which once were thought desirable.

In no department has the American woman made a more significant advance than in the business of divorce. Along with its deep tragedy, divorce apparently has for the American woman a business aspect. If she doesn't care to be her husband's helpmeet, she can retire on alimony, and if he won't or can't pay the alimony, she can put him in jail for debt. And this although she may be a wage-earner with a larger income than his, or she may have married a second husband. In this latter case the courts may

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give the unlucky first husband redress, but again they may not. It depends somewhat on the divorced wife's skill in reaching the judge's sympathy.

The American woman is rapidly getting control, not only of culture in the broad sense, but of scholarship and learning. Her clubs, with their sentimental and superficial literary programs, her patronage of books and magazines, of plays and films, without which none of these things could make money, have enormously emphasized in our life the emotional, the sensational, the personal. And she is in charge of our national education at its most important moment; she teaches the children. After she has formed their intellectual and emotional habits, the universities can make no essential change.

I said that American women will not like this picture. The confirmed feminist would prefer to believe that in our land there is on the whole a march toward equality of the sexes, whatever equality may mean—at least a progress toward a kind of companionship which will be conducive to woman's self-respect. Instead of the facts which Miss Winn has gathered, why not report on woman's effort in noble causes, on her patronage of good works as well as of cosmetics, her support of art, her gifts to religion and to education? Well, Miss Winn reports on these matters also, but her book leaves you with the conviction that woman in America is more dependent on man than she has ever been before. She has destroyed a man's world, but the queer world she has put in its place is still built and paid for by obscure males. Directly or indirectly they supply her with the means to lead what she calls her own life, with the money for her charities—whether she receives the money from her husband or inherits it from her father or her grandfather. If she is the nation's spender, it is because the men permit her to be—and their kindness in this direction is the most sinister thing I know about the American male. For the more she spends, the more she is his plaything. If she wants cosmetics, he no longer objects—he manufactures them for her and gets his money back; if she wants her name on the business, that too he permits, so long as he can finance the venture and take the profits. The money he leaves her when he dies will, he knows, come back eventually to masculine treasuries, through the purchase of feminine luxuries manufactured by men. And meanwhile, if divorce means for her alimony, he will if he possibly can, pay it gladly, relieved to find that he did not underestimate her fitness to be married to him.

I particularly like Miss Winn's book because she sees this side of the question. In the chapter called "Submerged Husbands" she puts the case with an incisiveness which will make many a modern wife writhe, if she gets so far in her study of "Adam's Rib." But she probably won't get so far. Before she has finished the first twenty pages she will probbably refuse to encourage Miss Winn further in treachery to the sex.

A Book of Instances

THE NATIVES OF ENGLAND. By HENRY WOOD NEVINSON. Illustrated by C. R. W. NEVINSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. NEVINSON divides his "Island Scene" into the rough and the fair, the north country of moors and factory towns, and the south country fulfilled of ancient peace. The natives he divides into the familiar classes: Nobility; Upper Class (subdivided into Gentry and Professionals); Middle Classes (subdivided into Upper and Lower); Country Workers; and Workpeople. His description of these classes is peculiar in detail, but in general it amounts to what we have heard before. He seems to look at the Upper and Lower Middle with the least sympathy. His analysis of the others is alive with ironical comment and aside, but of the Middle Classes it is heavy with dislike.

This feeling being rather the usual one among English intelligentsia, an American may understand it readily enough, though he cannot use any such analysis on American society with any similar results. All the groups are found here, but they cannot be isolated and defined with such precision. They are too confused for very much class consciousness. Examples are plenty, but when we begin to draw lines we begin to doubt. We cannot distinguish "Upper Middle" from "Professionals" as being "wealthier and less educated," or "Lower Middle" from "Upper Middle" as being "less wealthy but equally uneducated." American society is not very describable, and there are no descriptions of it that attain Mr. Nevinson's satisfactory clarity.

In an essay of Taine's on Stendhal (Henri Beyle) Taine contrasts the styles of Beyle and Balzac, and concludes that Beyle is the man who is truly French, and Balzac is not, because Beyle is the perfection of clarity. His are no sublime words, his no attempt to shine, no prolonged images dragging their scarlet robes. He is classic in common sense, and, therefore, French. "To speak frankly a metaphorical style is an inexact style, and is neither reasonable nor French." Beyle is as plain (*net*) as the Greeks or as the French classics who brought the exactitude of science to the description of the moral world. He is incisive like Montesquieu and Voltaire.

And this seems to mean that to be French is to be Latin but not Gallic, if by the old *esprit Gaulois* one may mean that vigorous, flamboyant, gesticulating gusto which runs from Rabelais to Hugo and Balzac, and by Latin that other vein of a certain hard sceptical intelligence which runs from Montaigne through Voltaire to Beyle. But, the result of the exclusion is the impoverishment of the word French. It becomes a mere meagre and uninteresting thing. Rich nationalities are not reducible to a single formula, and Taine's thinking was always getting pocketed in formulæ, simplified to desiccation.

His comment however on Beyle and Balzac suggests here a kind of classification differing from Mr. Nevinson's static classes, and which may be called "parallel and contrasting currents," for example, the two running from Rabelais to Balzac and from Montaigne to Beyle.

* * *

Whenever Mr. Nevinson speaks of the Englishman in general, he dips into these currents.

> The more we know the less we generalize. All mankind, all races, all individual men and women, are full of contradictions. But I doubt if the contradictions in any race are so obvious and perplexing as in the English. I suppose we may attribute our extreme diversity to the diversity of the races from which we have sprung.

The attribution does not come to much. Whether the English are more diverse of origin, or their contradictions more obvious and perplexing than are those of other races, German or Spanish, is merely debatable. Here are some of those contrasting currents. The nation that produced the supreme poetry of Europe is denounced by Europeans as a nation of shopkeepers, money grubbing and inartistic. Its political program is somehow to "muddle through," and its political institutions are imitated in every continent. Mr. Nevinson finds as basic as anything in the race its humor and a certain tenderness; and yet it has done more difficult and stern and successful ruling than any race since the hard, unhumorous Romans. But who shall say whether these parallel contrasts are more contradictory than "Einst, O Wunder, einst!" and "Streng Verboten"; the booted sergeant, and the moonlit Liedersänger or spectacled philosopher; *Gemüthlichkeit*, and the iron works at Essen? Taine declines perplexity by declaring Balzac obviously not French, but the dodge is too obvious to be persuasive. For Spain, see Unamuno, Ellis, and Martin Hume. For America, let us sit down and wait. The gods are muttering in their ambush, and only their perplexity is obvious.

> When Severn down to Buildwas ran
> Colored with the death of man,
> Couched upon her brother's grave
> The Saxon got me on the slave.
>
> The sound of fight is silent long
> That began the ancient wrong;
> Long the voice of tears is still
> That wept of old the endless ill.
>
> In my heart it has not died,
> The war that sleeps on Severn side;
> They cease not fighting east and west,
> On the marches of my breast.

The idea is somewhat mystical. Is there such a thing as racial experience and long memories of it that linger and color the character as personal memories do? The mingling of Iberian, Celt, and Saxon may account for, or have some relation to, those "freaks of genius," that mastery of poetry and that "fond idealism," which mingle with the commonplace material good sense, as Mr. Nevinson notes; but where he sees the English soul disturbed by these divisions, by the clash of its inherited strains, the poet, Housman, saw it darkened by the memory of "old, unhappy, far off things, and battles long ago." The theory of racial character involved is that there are three, not two, ingredients in it. There are inherited strains and local environment, and a third, namely, experience, which is not identical with either ancestry or sea mists. "The Saxon got me on the slave"; and there were two elements in the affair: alien strains blended, and a shocked soul "bleeding on the road to Wales." If the poet is right, a race like the English, that is old and has ploughed deep into life, carries the weight of its memories. It was the slave, not the Celt, who wept. It is not enough to call the Celt merely sad and the Saxon merely brutal. Beowulf and the Niebelungenlied are as sad, and in fact more desperate, than the legends of Arthur and Deirdre. The poet's idea interests my speculative imagination more than that of the veteran and distinguished journalist.

But Mr. Nevinson's is a book of instances, rather than of formulæ. His English race like the English language is not fond of rules. Its currents of character run deep. Balzac may be un-French to the definition of Taine, but Mr. Nevinson knows that Shelley or Shakespeare is as English as Dickens or Defoe, and Milton not less so than Chaucer.

"King of Haiti"

THE WHITE KING OF LA GONAVE. By FAUSTIN WIRKUS and TANEY DUDLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

FAUSTIN WIRKUS was a husky young Polish-American who ran away from the Pennsylvania coal mines to join the Marines and see the world. He saw it. Sent to Haiti during the early days of the American occupation, he served in various capacities and finally was ordered up into the hills as a second-lieutenant in command of a company of native gendarmes, charged with the duty of patrolling his isolated district and cleaning out "Cacos."

For months on end, this two-fisted leather-neck and his faithful black followers hunted men as if they were so many man-eating tigers. They stalked them through the bush, keeping off the beaten paths as the trail got warm; crept up at night on their mountain campfires, waited until the sentries drowsed in that cool hour just before the tropical dawn, stunned or strangled them, and rushed the camp, killing those who ventured to resist.

It was rough work and Wirkus did it effectively. Meanwhile he learned the Creole patois so that before he got through he could get along with the peasants almost as if he were one of them. Also, though apparently he didn't drink and had definite scruples against "going native," the tropics and Haiti got into his blood. He genuinely liked the people, the "real" Haitians, as he calls them, as distinguished from the more or less Frenchified *élite* of the capital. He burrowed further into their ways of thinking and feeling, their passionate religion, with its African content coated with some of the surfaces of ritualistic Christianity.

And finally, after much hard service and the sort of adventure boys dream of, his great chance came. He was sent out as district commander to the little known island of La Gonave which lies, a blur of bluish hills, a night's sailing out into the gulf from Port au Prince. For most of the Marines, La Gonave had been a place to keep away from—a God-forsaken hole, full of fevers and mosquitoes, in which you stuck to your post on the beach, dodged the interior, and hoped for transfer.

Wirkus saw it quite differently, partly because Wirkus himself seems to have been different, partly because of his chance meeting with, and befriending of, on the mainland some time before, Ti Memenne, the island's "Queen." Ti Memenne was a husky, rather dour black woman, with great natural force and dignity. She was chief of what might be de-

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scribed as the island's "labor unions"—a kind of primitive communism, through which, with a voluntary division of labor, and much beating of drums and dancing, the islanders got their crops planted and reaped, and their work, in general, done.

Wirkus treated Ti Memenne as something between a veritable queen and an affectionately regarded black aunt. Ti Memenne adopted the Marine lieutenant, so to say, and eventually, after he had helped the islanders in all sorts of ways, from improving their seeds and livestock to prescribing for their sick and their babies, made him, with much ceremony and solemn hokus-pocus, their "king."

This episode has been much gossiped and written about since it first got into the newspapers through the sensational Seabrook book a few years ago. The word "king" may be taken with greater or less literalness and seriousness, of course, but there seems no reason for not accepting the surface facts of Mr. Wirkus's circumstantial story. However General Russell or President Borno may have regarded it, there seems no question that for several years the lone white man on La Gonave was more or less the kindly and helpful monarch of all he surveyed; that the ceremonial drums called to each other from hilltop to hilltop when he made his horseback tours through the island, that the islanders turned to and helped him build a house, airplane landing, and wharf, and that he used his white man's knowledge and ingenuity to help them in every way he could. And when the curt departmental order came, at last, transferring him to the mainland, young Wirkus must have felt, indeed, like a king who had been despoiled of his kingdom.

This is the extraordinarily interesting story which is told with warm detail and great vividness in his and Mrs. Dudley's book. It is a good book. It tells all and more about the Haitians—the "real" Haitians, as Wirkus would call the inarticulate peasant mass—than was told in "The Magic Isle," without any of that meretricious showmanship, that calculated attempt to give the Old Lady from Oshkosh and Greenwich Villagers a sexual kick under the guise of ethnological research, which disgusted many with the Seabrook book.

It is a pity that the Marine didn't or couldn't write his own history. I have never met either Mr. Wirkus or Mrs. Dudley and have no definite knowledge of the ladylikeness of the one or the leatherneckness of the other. But reading the narrative as would any other outsider, one can't escape the notion that, although it is written in the first person, the personality we get through the collaboration isn't quite the real Wirkus.

There is too much sweet reasonableness in the more brutal parts of the story, where kindliness a little too neatly balances the necessary killing. There is almost a touch of the woman's magazine style in the way in which our hero is sensible to native female charms up to a certain point and then sternly flees them. And there is a too persistent romanticism—melodious writing for the mere sake of melody. The lieutenant doesn't merely make periodical inspection of lighthouses; he inspects them to "keep their beams flashing out towards the open sea." And so on. You can scan it.

Not that you can't feel that way about Haiti. It's the easiest thing in the world, and doubtless Mrs. Dudley, who took the trouble to go and live in Haiti before setting to work, writes quite sincerely. But one doubts that that is just the way Wirkus himself felt or would have written. And successful as the collaboration is, the real story may have been changed somewhat in flavor as it may have lost somewhat in substance.

But it is a splendid story, nevertheless. And, although it is written to entertain rather than to instruct, there is something to think about in this picture of a white man who made himself liked by black people because he liked them; who helped them, not by trying to jam them into his own pattern, but by respecting them, and trying, in a friendly way, to understand their ways and thoughts.

André Maurois, writing to an English Journal recently, said: "The outstanding feature of this season seems to me to be the predominance of travel books. This is one signal, among many, of our new romanticism."

Over £100,000 has now been secured by the sales of the British Legion Book, which was published last year under the auspices of the Prince of Wales.

A Freak of Nature

CHILDREN WHO RUN ON ALL FOURS: And Other Animal-like Behaviors in the Human Child. By ALES HRDLICKA. New York: Whittlesey House. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL

WE have all heard of the organ grinder's bear who "walka lika man." It is now time to hear about the human who walks like a bear. Professor Hrdlicka has written a whole volume on the subject under the dynamic title, "Children Who Run on All Fours."

The book has an interesting origin. Dr. Hrdlicka is Curator, Division of Physical Anthropology, U. S. National Museum, Smithsonian Institution. Over thirty years ago he observed an Indian child running "like a little animal on all fours." In the course of twenty years this anthropologist saw only two more such infants though he traveled extensively to countries as distant as India, Australia, and South Africa. And then, curiously enough, in 1926, when no farther from home than the Union Station, Washington, D. C., he encountered another case so well-defined as to be "almost uncanny"—a little child who, with all four limbs upright, applied hands and feet nearly flat to the floor, and in defiance of his highly civilized surroundings, moved actively about "much like a little animal."

Dr. Hrdlicka published this observation the following year; and further papers were given wide publicity in the Science Service Press and in the *Literary Digest*. Readers from the country over and from abroad sent in letters describing similar observations. These letters, arranged alphabetically, form the bulk of the present volume, comprising pages 97 to 418. The letters were written for the most part by mothers. They are naturally uneven in form and content, but they are the original documents and contain most of the information on which the author bases the discussion in the first ninety pages of his book.

All told, 387 infants are dealt with—369 white and eighteen colored. The figures indicate that true quadrimembral or hand and foot progression is a relatively rare phenomenon. The author thinks that it is probably more common among negroes than whites but he stresses the fact that it, along with "other animal like behaviors of the human child," occurs predominantly in physically and mentally healthy, in strong and even exceptional children. It is more frequent in boys than in girls.

Running on all fours is interpreted merely as a full manifestation of the same instinct which is shown by children in ordinary crawling on hands and knees. The habit develops mostly spontaneously and extends over a period from a few weeks to several months and is sometimes resorted to for speed or pleasure even when the child with bear-like locomotion has begun to walk erect like a man.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Dr. Hrdlicka's lively and sympathetic account pursues the scampering infants who, before the story is told, are caught in many amazing and sometimes amusing attitudes displaying numerous animal-like behaviors in which the author finds substantial evidence of our derivation from forms pre-human. "It seems just to conclude that just as the human child before birth recapitulates, more or less, various phases of its physical ancestry, so the child after birth recapitulates and uses for a time various phases of its preancestral behavior."

Stated in these general terms, the author's conclusion will be accepted by many. But the interpretation of quadrimembral progression as a specific racial revival reminds us that there are alternative explanations which were formulated by Thorndike in his criticism of G. Stanley Hall's Recapitulation Theory. For Hrdlicka, creeping on all fours has a "distinct animal flavor." When he singles out this interesting and dramatic method of progression for special discussion, the feral flavor tends perhaps to be over-emphasized, even though the reader is incidentally informed with regard to the great variability of prone locomotion in infants.

In a study of 150 children, Trettien found that sixty per cent crept, thirty per cent hitched, seven per cent rolled, three per cent progressed (or regressed) by crawling, swimming, and other peculiar movements. Fifty per cent used their limbs alternately, trot fashion; twenty per cent paced. Hrdlicka cites one of his own quadrimembral subjects who displayed a large repertoire of locomotor performances in a few months of time.

> At eight months he would roll from one end of the room to the other; at nine, he was beginning to creep, but always went backward. Then, one day, he suddenly without practice, began creeping forward. After about three weeks of this, at the age of ten and one-half months, he began to creep with one leg and walk with the other, i. e., he put his weight on his right knee and his left foot. It was a funny, awkward gait, which soon when he learned to use both feet instead of only one, developed into exactly the walk you describe, resembling it in every detail.

Here was a child who went variously on one, twos, and threes, as well as on fours. Counting all their permutations and combinations of posture and propulsion, human infants present an impressively diverse array of locomotor mechanics. Indeed some infants do not go forward at all; they remain stationary until they walk, or they pivot or go sideways or go backwards. Are all of these modes of locomotion expressions of phyletic survival? With such a gamut of possibilities, it is difficult to assign the exact racial significance of hand and foot progression. Sometimes, the author suggests, a concrete walk or irritating grass is the ultimate determining factor which lifts the infant into the hand and foot attitude. Environment plays a part. But seventy-seven of Hrdlicka's informants reported relatives, fifty of whom were brothers or sisters, who ran on all fours, and this suggests the presence of hereditary factors.

Apparent hereditary factors, however, may not be truly "racial" in Hrdlicka's sense. For example there are infants who exhibit marked hyper-extensor tendencies in their muscular deportment. They tend to stiffen; they support their own weight early when held in the standing position. It is conceivable that infants with comparable tendencies would more readily assume and adopt a quadrimembral method of locomotion. If so, their peculiar locomotion could not be appropriately characterized as a purely phylogenetic persistence.

The author supplements his discussion with a brief portrayal of other animal-like manifestations: climbing, use of the mouth for carrying objects, prehensile feet, squatting, primitive sleep postures, etc. There are numerous interesting photographs of the infants in action. The style is informal, the approach is naturalistic rather than technical; and the book will appeal to readers of general as well as of special interest. The chief object of the book is that of a door-opener to a fresh field of scientific inquiry.

Souvenir of a Lost Talent

THE ROAD TO CANAAN. By PERNET PATTERSON. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS long volume of short stories, less than two hundred and fifty pages in length, is all we have left of the work of a talented Southern writer, cut off most untimely by death a few months ago. Three of Mr. Patterson's stories appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, one other was published in a Virginia magazine of small circulation; he had been at his task only long enough to begin to gain the recognition he richly deserved. Ellery Sedgwick paid him a deserved tribute when he wrote—all Mr. Patterson's stories were of negroes—"In his judgment of the two races so tragically yoked, however, his sympathy never overbalanced his poise. Neither the homely nor the fantastic elements of the Negro's composition were beyond his sympathetic understanding. Witness the delightful vivacity of 'Buttin' Blood' and the sombre melodrama of Cunjur.' "

This brief quotation touches upon the two most striking characteristics of Mr. Patterson's stories, his deep sympathy with his negro characters, and the range of his subjects. Because really good stories about small boys are very hard to find, this reviewer may set exaggerated importance upon three such tales in "The Road to Canaan," one of which is "Buttin' Blood," which are as good in their own way as the best of Booth Tarkington's Penrod stories. There is humor in all three, but a catch at the throat in two; "The Batt'ry 'Vengers" is uproariously funny without being exaggerated in the least, and the children are extraordinarily lifelike. In particular, all three stories score because Mr. Patterson understood very clearly the peculiar relationship between white and colored children, even to the point of making a sharp distinction between the feelings of a little white boy brought up on a plantation with negroes as his playmates, and the attitude of tough city-bred youngsters. These three stories are too good to miss; if we were not still somewhat hidebound in choosing short stories for anthologies, one

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of them, "Buttin' Blood," would certainly find recognition outside its present volume.

The strong religious feelings of the negro are the themes of two of the stories, "The Road to Canaan" and "His Drazzlin' Light." Superstition is the emphasized element in the powerful "Cunjur," a long story that is perhaps the best in the collection, a story of cumulative horror, in which a yellow boy who has been away to college, matches his mixed blood and superior knowledge of the world against the voodoo of an ancient crone, who knows all there is to know of black magic. The old woman wins, as she would have won in the circumstances; indeed, there are none too many white persons who could have stood up against the atmosphere of terror that was built up about the yellow boy by the other servants' belief in Aunt Runa's mystical powers. Superstition—in this case fear of the unknown—is the principal element in "Blow, Steamboat, Blow," which is not without its humor. "Shoofly" is a negro love story, deftly and entertainingly done.

"The Road to Canaan" is, then, in itself an accomplishment, and a collection of short stories that ought to be read both for their intrinsic merits, and for their bearing upon the continuing effort of Southern writers to deal not only justly and fairly with negro characters, but to make them appealing without resorting to any unfair means; Mr. Patterson's little negroes in the stories about the children are far funnier than the familiar black-face comedians of such writers as Octavus Roy Cohen. And yet they are done with sympathy and understanding. But the stories are even more an earnest of what might fairly have been expected if Mr. Patterson had lived, for they disclose an unusual grasp of the problem of character creation, in addition to their other merits, and lead one to believe that their author might have done distinguished and important novels. His name might easily have been written in a few years alongside the names of Julia Peterkin and DuBose Heyward.

A Tale of Greenland

ESKIMO. By Peter Freuchen. Translated by A. Paul Maerker-Branden. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by Danes Barrington

THERE can be at least two reviews of "Eskimo," one impression, emotion and flubdub, the other as Poe might have written it in his "Gold Bug" mood.

The impressionist begins by taking Rockwell Kent's word for it that here is a story about Eskimos written by a man who "spoke their language, shared their thoughts," who "became one of them," who "married Navaranna." Throughout its five hundred odd pages he would follow the lives of Mala and his people. He would marvel at the local color, the small detail of living, that is crammed into its chapters. He would find on nearly every page a mental adventure, dramatic, quiet, unpleasant, incredible. He would overlook the fact that Mr. Freuchen repeats some of the common errors about Eskimos in his conviction that here is a fascinating cross section of unspoiled lives such as geographies have never given us. His white ego would be reassured by his acceptance of Eskimo admiration for white powers and at the same time humbled by knowledge of their powers which we have lost these many hundred years.

There are in the tale some episodes which are grotesque and revolting. The impressionist would refuse perhaps to believe had he not Mr. Freuchen's word for it that they happened. Certainly a man who "looks back into the primitive years that were his own and tells to us what he was privileged to understand" would not invent customs and conditions which would destroy sympathy for people whom he loves. Accepting Mr. Kent's valuation, then, these episodes appear to enhance the sincerity of the book.

Has the realism any reality behind it? Apparently the author is trying to describe these Eskimos as they are, but how does he know they are that way? Checking up on him, we find that he has been in Greenland many years, but chiefly with the blond and civilized Eskimos. Even the time spent in northwest Greenland around Smith Sound was with Eskimos who have been in frequent touch with Europeans since they were discovered by Ross in 1818 and in almost constant touch since Peary took up his residence among them in the early '90's. True, he married Navaranna, but she was only an Eskimo by courtesy, a woman of partly European blood and training. There are scarcely any but part Europeans among the whole thirteen or fourteen thousand of the west Greenlanders south of Melville Bay.

On the basis of the reasonable assumption that no one can understand a people unless he has lived with them several years during which he understood and freely used their language (not the trade jargon which has passed for the Eskimo language ever since ships started north), and by comparison with the writings of the only three men who meet these requirements—alphabetically stated, Jenness, Rasmussen, and Stefansson—Mr. Freuchen's ethnology has an alien hue. He has expressed Eskimo thoughts and feelings which even the moderately detective-minded can trace to their Nordic origin. By the same comparison we find that Mr. Freuchen does not describe the civilized Eskimos whom he knows (the plot of the story does not admit of its being laid in Greenland), but guesses, on the basis of his knowledge of the civilized, what the savage would be like. The savage, however, is not like that by the testimony of Jenness, Rasmussen, and Stefansson. Mr. Freuchen has created a half-way Eskimo who is neither civilized nor savage, who may be artistically true, but who does not exist ethnologically.

If the book is read as a novel and its bizarre situations accepted as we accept the conventionalized insincerities of the stage, it is interesting and absorbing. But calling it "Eskimo" is a plea to the reader that it is more than a novel, that its realism is copied from real people, that it is not a foundationless artistic creation.

Gordelpus!

LAST AND FIRST MEN: A Story of the Near and Far Future. By W. Olaf Stapledon. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Fred T. Marsh

LET us turn to Chapter X, subdivision I, page 207 of this extraordinary volume, headed "The Third Human Species." The opening lines read:

> We have now followed man's career during some forty million years. The whole period to be covered by this chronicle is about two thousand million.

Now it will be easier to go on with the review.

In sober language, with many incursions into the realms of biology, physics, astronomy, and allied sciences, Mr. Stapledon, who is an English philosopher, has, with the aid of a positive genius for invention, created the most remarkable myth ever projected into the future. Starting from the present he follows the thread of human destiny to its end—some two thousand million years hence. And in doing so he has written a brilliant and stimulating volume.

In the near future occurs the rise of America to world dominance, followed by the destruction of humanity through the mysterious force Gordelpus—the name being a corruption of a then obsolete English expression used by a British scientist when he first sees this death-dealing power in action—"Gawd 'elp us!" But Gordelpus misses a bare handful of people exploring at the North Pole, and so, after the passage of a few million years, the Second Man, a new species, makes his appearance. This admirable race is eventually annihilated by repeated invasions of the weird inhabitants of Mars. The Fourth Men are the creations of the Third Men. Actually, they are little more than great concrete structures in which brain matter is grown like a culture. These soulless and bodiless monsters of intelligence destroy their makers and create the Fifth Men in their place. It is the Fifth Men who, through their knowledge of astronomy, learn that the destruction of Earth is imminent, and who set about the tremendous task of arranging for a migration to Venus. The Seventh Men are flying men. And the Eighth, after millions of years on Venus, migrate to Neptune. On Neptune man has his longest stay. Civilizations rise and fall. Finally, with the emergence of the Eighteenth Men, mankind reaches its highest peak. The Eighteenth Man is able to steer his planet about in the ether and approach the gradually cooling sun. But the end nears. He is the Last Man and knows that he is doomed.

Do not mistake this story for a Jules Verne romance, though it surpasses the wildest imaginings of that romancer. Nor is it a Butlerian satire, though it has satiric and analogical moments. Neither is it a Wellsian prophecy, although the early chapters sound a prophetic note. It is a myth, a mad myth, soberly written, of what might actually happen in the light of the new science, the present state of all knowledge, by one who has allowed a trained imagination to wander at will over the possibilities. If Mr. Stapledon falls short of the literary quality of a Samuel Butler, if he lacks the vivid story-telling gift of an H. G. Wells, he writes excellently, and he has poured enough fresh ideas into this book for a dozen volumes and enough knowledge to fill a small outline of future science.

"To romance of the far future," writes Mr. Stapledon, "is to attempt to see the human race in its cosmic setting. . . ." In this powerful narrative the reader becomes sensitive to the insignificance, the minuteness, the transitoriness of our own tiny field of time and space, and, at the same time, increasingly aware of man's glory in attaining to the small estate which he now possesses.

Negro Superstitions

COLD BLUE MOON: A Novel of the Old South. By Howard W. Odum. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels.

THIS, the third volume of Howard W. Odum's trilogy of Black Ulysses, "greatest water boy and helper in America, maybe in the world," is a book of spectres dancing and menacing before frightened Negro eyes which only for the lack of a better name can be called a novel. Actually, though set within the frame of conventional Southern romance, it is a lively and poetic anthology of the ghost stories of the American Negro. The ghosts are not shaped for the novel but the novel is very gracefully shaped to hold Mr. Odum's collection of ghosts. Black Ulysses has his story of the big plantation to tell but the story and the characters are as remote and nebulous as any of the spectres. Yet the thin thread of the story upon which the individual tales are hung like bright colored beads give these stories from the whole South the artistic virtue of convincing life in a definite dimensional place in one Big House Hall.

Like all Mr. Odum's books about the Southern Negro this volume is not only authentic but rich and vivid as the Negro's own life, sensuous but also full of hilarity, and full of pain. The stories which come from the race memory of Black Ulysses range from the poignant and poetic to the ridiculous. It is a pity that Mr. Odum has seen fit to include some stories which have been so long and so familiarly in the mouths of the end men of minstrel shows. Although there is sometimes a fatiguing element in Mr. Odum's verbless and impressionistic cataloguing the book has much beauty. Always when Black Ulysses is speaking there is a fine, true rhythm in his words, authentically Negro and yet not too heavily loaded with dialect. The best of the stories in the book lose none of their poetry in the fine prose which Mr. Odum can write when he will. As a whole the book is a well done and distinctive work possessed of an artistic form lacking in so many anthologies of folklore material. And undoubtedly it is the best collection of the ghost superstitions of the Southern Negro ever brought together.

A Dose of Optimism

(*Continued from page* 769)

tellectuals and the artists, disapprove, and they do disapprove rightly and violently, of the excesses of the profit making motive, it seems a platitude to say that they should do more than criticize. Yet they are not reaching even the point where Walt Whitman failed. He proposed in his poetry to set forth imaginative ideals of character and achievement which should be patterns for his democracy. Instead of that he projected a half mystical, half pagan hero, who was a heroic Walt Whitman but nothing that the masses he loved could follow or even understand. And our more peevish writers (the foreigners of course are not responsible) by their purely negative criticisms are not only missing the immense potentialities which to any imagination not bound by literary teas and magazine offices are so clearly still present in the United States, but are failing to hold that mirror up to their countrymen which, like all mirrors of the imagination, shows what *is* and might be as well as what *seems*. If they wish to humanize our civilization let them, having got rid of their bile, begin by humanizing, and fortifying, first themselves and then their books.

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The Bowling Green

Granules from an Hour Glass

ONE of the most interesting of all literary letters will be sold at auction by the American Art-Anderson Galleries on Wednesday evening, April 29. It is the letter (referred to some weeks ago in this Green) from Herman Melville to Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne (4 pp. and in excellent condition; we have read it ourself), dated Jan. 8, 1852. Hawthorne and Mrs. Hawthorne had been reading *Moby Dick* (which was dedicated to Hawthorne) and commenting on it. Melville wrote:

> . . . It really amazed me that you should find any satisfaction in that book. It is true that some men have said they were pleased with it, but you are the only woman. . . . But, then, since you, with your spiritualizing nature, see more things than other people, and by the same process, refine all you see, so that they are not the same things that other people see, but things, which while you think you but humbly discover them, you do in fact create them for yourself—therefore, upon the whole, I do not so much marvel at your expressions concern'g Moby Dick. At any rate, your allusion for example to the "Spirit Spout" first showed to me that there was a subtle significance in that thing—but I did not, in that case, mean it. I had some vague idea while writing it, that the whole book was susceptible of an allegorical construction, & also that parts of it were—but the speciality of many of the particular subordinate allegories were first revealed to me after reading Mr. Hawthorne's letter, which, without citing any particular examples, yet intimated the part-&-parcel allegoricalness of the whole.

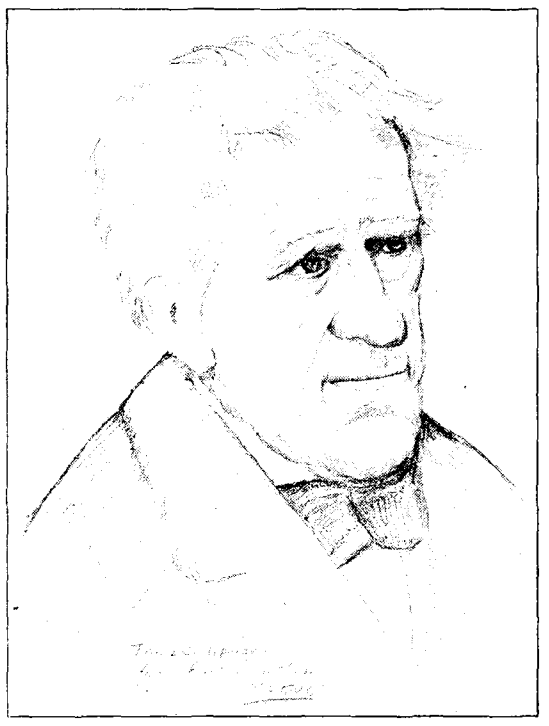
The dedication copy of *Moby Dick* is now in the private collection of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach. ☞ For this unique item we shall hope to see the spirited bidding it deserves.

* * *

☞ We are disturbed by Mr. Thorne Smith's representation of Burgundy (in his entertaining *Night Life of the Gods*) as a foaming and bubbling wine. He speaks (p. 46 and again p. 49) of the pop of the cork and the wine spraying out of the bottle. It is true that there are certain sparkling Burgundies, but they are a degraded and champagnized beverage, unworth the attention of connoisseurs. ☞ Also it is an uncomfortable duty to reproach Mr. Charles J. Dutton, author of *Murder in a Library*, for alluding to Barsac as a rare and precious vintage. Barsac is an over-sugary subdivision of Sauterne, relished mostly by women and college boys. It has always been a great favorite with undergraduates at Oxford, but mature palates do not take it seriously. ☞ But the same bootlegger (in Mr. Dutton's story) who overpraised Barsac, had elements of æsthetic judgment, for he had a Felicien Rops in his sanctum. One of the pleasantest Felicien Ropses known to the Bowling Green was discovered by the Grillparzer Verein when meeting at the Union Square Book Shop (30 East 14 Street). ☞ Since there have been inquiries about the Grillparzer Gesellschaft, we can explain that it meets irregularly to revive interest in the brilliant work of Franz Grillparzer, the Austrian dramatist, and to encourage a Viennese view of life. Wienerschnitzel and Vienna bread are always served, but members on a diet are permitted gluten toast. Mr. W. S. Hall, the heraldic designer, has done a portrait of Grillparzer which we are privileged to reprint here. Encouraging rumors have been heard that the Germanic Department of Harvard University is going to revive one of Grillparzer's plays. ☞ We inquired about the copy of *Sordello* used by Katharine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, saying it did not look to us like a pukka first edition. Ruth Benedict, Miss Cornell's press agent, reports "It isn't any edition, but a little green book of about that period that our property man picked up, with the poem pasted in." She adds that K. C. owns a copy of the first edition (1840) but thinks it too precious to risk on the stage. We are sentimentalist enough to disagree with that. We are all for getting first editions off the shelf and letting them share in actual life. It would add much to the value of that forgotten and unreadable little book to let it share in Miss Cornell's and Mr. Aherne's admirable performance. Also it would be a good press item. ☞ One of the best ways (perhaps the only way) to abash an Author is to let him see a book of his own actually running on the press. I saw a writer the other day watching sheets of his book printing on Miehle number 8 at the Country Life Press. It is a thrilling sight—those great sheets (32 pages on each side) flapping forward at you, running over a line of flame as they come—"to take the electricity out of it," said the pressman; but the author thought secretly, If there is any electricity in the book, better leave it there. The big white sheets rise up, curl over and fall forward just like a breaking wave. ☞ Another Literary Association for Long Island is that the final agreement between Sinclair Lewis and Doubleday Doran and Co. for Lewis's new novel was consummated over the telephone from a drug-store in Corona.

* * *

☞ Omnibus books continue to flourish. Two promised for this summer that are heartily to our taste are *Snug Harbor*, a collection of W. W. Jacobs's heavenly tales of the Night Watchman and of Claybury; and a volume of Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke mysteries. Probably a whole new generation has now grown up that does not know W. W. Jacobs' stories, the perfect anodyne for any lethargy, doldrum, or woe. The spell of their un-



FRANZ GRILLPARZER

boisterous humor and unfailing skill is permanent upon their devotees. ☞ At least ten New York literary agents have cabled offers to El Rey Alfonso XIII, Hotel Meurice, Paris, for his memoirs, to be called *Without a Castle in Spain*. ☞ There will not be a great many readers for Logan Pearsall Smith's *Afterthoughts*, but the few that do read it will weigh double in any properly balanced scales. Reading Pearsall Smith's aphorisms is like guessing your weight in a subway weighing-machine and getting your penny back. We still think his word-coinage *milver*, which he defines as "a fellow-fanatic," less effective than our own *kinsprit*, not yet adopted by Webster. ☞ Speaking of Austin Freeman's detective, Dr. Thorndyke, we are amused to think how the good Dr. must be weighed down by the scientific chattels he always carries in his pockets. Once we started to make a list of the things "he always carried." We remember, for instance, the tin collecting-box, the wire "smoker's companion" for picking locks, the micrometer caliper, the spring-tape, the seed-envelopes, the multiple lens.—All these, of course, in addition to the equipment in the "canvas-covered research case."—Will not Dodd Mead and Co. make up for us a detailed inventory of Dr. Thorndyke's portable equipment? ☞ The next omnibus volume we should like to see would be a Jules Verne; including the story about the steam elephant, which no one but ourself seems to remember. ☞ But it is sad to recall that one of the best of the omnibus volumes went almost unnoticed—perhaps because it was priced at $5—the Collected Short Stories of H. G. Wells. ☞ Captain David Bone of S. S. *Transylvania*, and all other good Scot seafarers who relish a braw Caledonian Doric, were prickled by a recent advertisement: "All the stewards speak English on Cunard-Anchor ships." ☞ People who have been noticing the specially vital tang in the air of upper Madison Avenue had not quite realized why. Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, the London miscellaneists, have opened a shop at 697 Madison Avenue and laid in a lot of Stilton cheese. Fortnum and Mason have always pleased the 3 Hours for Lunch Club because they amuse themselves by giving just the extra touch. When they have a Stilton cheese it is "tinted with cowslip flowers." When they get "the Highland crofters" to weave ladies sports wear they are "dyed from lichens." Their assistants (their circular insists) wear "old-world frock-coats"— But not, we hope, in New World hot weather. ☞ The London *Studio*, reprinting one of Mr. Martin Lewis's lively etchings of New York scenes, referred to it as *Ice Cream Scones*.

* * *

☞ One of the best good news this clear weather is that Booth Tarkington is well recovered from his long and grave eye-trouble; news received with homage and affection by the innumerable lovers of a great writer. ☞ The bonny old *Newport*, steam barquentine schoolship once commanded and made famous by Captain Felix Riesenberg, is to be replaced by a Hog Island steamship for the training of New York State's merchant marine cadets. The old *Newport* will not be forgotten by readers of Riesenberg's *Vignettes of the Sea*. Muirhead Bone once did a drawing in her roomy after-cabin. ☞ It seemed to us that the most singular recent comment on American temperament was in an A. P. dispatch of April 10:

> The children, in a nation-wide broadcast, retold their experiences in the tragic March blizzard. The youth who has been acclaimed as the hero of the tragedy, Bryan Untiedt, introduced his schoolmates one by one to the radio audience and then played a selection on his harmonica.

☞ I was greatly pleased by Mrs. Pearl Buck's remarks (from Nanking, China) when her publishers cabled that her fine book *The Good Earth* had been chosen by the Book of the Month Club. She wrote:

> Of course it is very good news that the Book-of-the-Month Club likes my book. I do not know exactly what it means, since I do not belong to this club, but I looked up an advertisement of theirs in the *Atlantic Monthly*, so I appreciate the fact that it must mean something for them to like my book well enough to put it on their list. . . . I have no pictures of myself. I do not seem to find much in my life that sounds interesting to put on paper. I cannot see that it matters greatly. I would like to be known not for myself but for my books. The Chinese are very sensible about this. They take the artist as important only because of his art and are not interested in the personality of the artist and consider him unimportant except as a medium. But I understand from some of my friends that this is not the case with Americans.

☞ People are too likely to forget, in a period of temporary depression, that there has never been, and never will be, any slump in the Educational Book Business. Books for mere amusement necessarily have their ups and downs, but books for learning are always up. This comment is suggested by receiving a folder noting the 10th anniversary of the admirable State College Co-Op at Albany, N. Y., one of the outstanding college bookshops in the country, managed by Miss Helen Fay. Of this shop Professor Kirtland of Albany State College has said: "Two minutes there always remind one of the good things he once meant to write; and of the better things he still means to read." ☞ One of the best casual comments lately was that of A. Kroch of Chicago in the *Publishers' Weekly:* "Oftentimes I put a book to a test. Would it have been any loss to human enjoyment or to enrichment of human life if this particular book had never seen the light of day." ☞ When people of moderate means grow anxious at the high cost of edition-collecting, do they ever think of the extraordinarily low prices of actual autographs and letters? A catalogue of autographs from any good dealer—for instance Goodspeed's, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston—would surprise you. For example Mark Twain: you might have to pay $1,000 or more for a perfect first edition of his more famous books, but you can buy interesting letters in his own hand for $10 or $15. ☞ The sad sincerity of a publisher's outcry was audible in Alfred H. King's announcement lately: "I published my first book, *Pilgrim to the Abyss*, on February 14, 1930. It was favorably reviewed in the New York *Sun* of February 13, 1931, a prize record for a belated review."—Alas, I believe that the Bowling Green has sometimes been even tardier than that in reviewing a book it had promised to notice.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Stockholm Opera has during this season produced a series of striking performances, amongst which the outstanding success has been "Orpheus in the Underworld," the classical operatic satire on the every-day life of the Greek Olympus, produced in an original setting enhanced by the magic wand of Max Reinhardt.

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7

Tuesday, JULY 23

Lee went down to catfish creak and got the poison ivry. He thought he would try it out and see if he would get it and he rubed it on his hands. He smeared it all over himself. He broke out with it all over I think he was nuts to do such a thing. But all boys are nuts as usuall. He is so dom he let a boy ride his bicke and break it.

Sunday, JUNE 23

I din't go to Sunday School today. I don't like to go. I suppose Miss Cragin would ask me some more Bibble questions.

Sylvia

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Books of Special Interest

The Phenomena of Life

THE NATURE OF LIFE. By EUGENIO RIGNANO. Translated by N. MALLINSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by H. S. JENNINGS

Johns Hopkins University

THE late Eugenio Rignano, editor of the international review *Scientia*, and Professor of Philosophy at the University of Milan, was an undismayed and uncompromising champion of the inheritance of acquired characters. And by that he meant the descent to posterity of the bodily and mental powers acquired under the influence of the environment during the lifetime of the parent. A doctrine more unpopular with professional biologists it would be hard to find. Undeterred by this situation, Rignano has expounded the doctrine in many books and articles; and in the present volume has based a general theory of the Nature of Life mainly upon it.

The book attempts the mental construction of a model, made of elementary materials of such constitution and action as to give rise to the fundamental phenomena of life. The most fundamental thing about life is held to be its purposiveness. Living things so act as to build up and conserve their bodies and to keep in harmonious operation their physiological functions. This purposiveness in animals and plants Rignano holds to be literally the same kind of behavior as the action of a man who has consciously in mind a purpose and tries to carry it out. A large share of the book is devoted to characterization and description of the purposive performance of organisms, in internal processes, development, behavior, and evolution. How are we to conceive a material that thus acts purposively?

Rignano's conception is not easy to present in brief, nor indeed in long. Organisms are composed of complex molecules of such constitution that as they undergo decomposition, they produce a special type of energy—the kind of energy that passes along a nerve. This nervous energy operates the fundamental biochemical processes of life. But now comes the secret of organisms,—that which distinguishes them from everything inorganic. This energy, produced by the decomposition of the organic molecules, operates again reversely to build up anew these complex molecules that make up the organism. Decomposition itself gives rise to restitution; the very processes by which the organism functions, maintain and build up the functioning machine. This method of action is at the bottom of all the purposiveness of organisms. Compounded and complicated, it yields the gross purposive activities of the living animal or plant,—as Rignano expounds in detail.

If this were all, organisms would remain unchanged. But they change, in the process of evolution. This is due to the fact that in the operation of the organism, the fundamental germinal substance receives successive deposits from the functioning body, and these alter it. These deposits correspond in nature to the activities that the organism performs under the influence of the environmental conditions; and they have the property of causing anew the production of those activities that gave rise to them. This is the inheritance of acquired characters, and through it evolution occurs. The germinal material, altering in its activities under the deposits induced by the bodily functioning, is like a brain that remembers. Memory and this germinal action are indeed the same thing. General vital activity is mental activity and operates in the ways of mentality.

Through the elaboration of these assumptions, Rignano is able to explain to his great satisfaction all the characteristic phenomena of life.

> We have thus succeeded in solving the three fundamental dilemmas of ontogenetic development which have so long defied biologists, viz., preformation or epigenesis, preformistic germs or non-representative germinal substances, and nuclear somatization or qualitatively equal nuclear division. We have also been able to account for the fundamental biogenetic law of the ontogenetic recapitulation of phytogenesis; for the mechanism of the transmission of acquired characters. and for the notable analogy . . . between the phenomena of development and mnemonic phenomena in the narrow sense.

To most experimental biologists this hypothesis, so remarkably efficient, will appear to exemplify the malicious characterization of efficiency as doing thoroughly and well what ought not to be done. It explains and requires the inheritance of acquired be lily and mental characteristics. And all results of experimentation are opposed to this.

But if that part of the theory that is based on inherited memory could be separated from the rest and discarded (as appears not impossible), the residuum would furnish a mental scheme for making intelligible many vital activities, having many advantages as compared with competing schemes. It does not require the intervention of metaphysical entities nor interfere with experimental discovery of causes, as to radically vitalistic theories. It does not, like the crude forms of mechanism, blind its adherents to those most conspicuous features of organic life which Rignano groups under purposiveness. It does not ignore, or set off from the rest of life the activities that we call mental; it thus does not leave man stranded on a mountain peak, cut off from the rest of the organic world. If one must have a complete, ready-made theory (in place of awaiting an understanding built up through age-long accumulation of observations), this is a fairly plausible one. It is unfortunate for its influence that it is interwoven with a hypothesis of the inheritance of acquired characters.

A Fleeting Culture

THE BAVENDA: Photographic Studies. By A. M. DUGGIN-CRONIN. With an introductory article by G. P. LESTRADE. London: Cambridge University Press. 1930.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LEON SMYSER

ALREADY the initiated Bavenda maiden is abandoning her traditional garb, with its clay peg-top colored with red ochre, in favor of cotton prints and trinkets from Manchester. Already the convex Venda baskets are being replaced by discarded oil cans and by cast iron pots. The time has come, if ever, to preserve what is fleeting and particular in the culture of this once powerful Transvaal people. In order that they may not go the way of Aztec and Iroquois and Sioux, unpictured and unsung, the Kimberley Museum has dedicated to them the first of a series of monographs on the Bantu tribes of South Africa. The volume is a work of devotion. The author, Mr. Lestrade, is ethnologist for the Native Department of the Union, while the photographer, Mr. Duggin-Cronin, is a daring enthusiast who has long been admired in the Dark Continent for having dared to take the "evil eye" of his camera into every craal where it might be regarded with suspicion. In certain ways, therefore, in its depicting of village life and family groups, the book is a *tour de force.* Its presentation loses nothing in authenticity for being striking.

In his "introductory article," Mr. Lestrade offers additional confirmation of the theory that the original home of the Bantu race in Africa lay in the region of the lakes. The Bavenda tell tales of a great migration from a first home beside "silent pools of water," across many streams, where the heat far exceeded that of the Transvaal. They came, so their legend runs, under the leadership of a black Moses whose name, Mambo, is a Tsikaranga word meaning chief, and one of whose homes was called Dzada, which is a Venda name for the Zimbabwe ruins. Thus, here, as in so many other books about South Central Africa, the trail leads back to some ultimate connection with those unknown exploiters who built stone works as lasting as the pyramids and opened what Rider Haggard has called "King Solomon's Mines." The Bavenda once knew the gold sources of Monomotapa, and still wear ornaments of the yellow metal.

The Bavenda are true Bantu. Twins are slain at birth as harbingers of evil. Polygamy is general, and brides are generally purchased and parents-in-law propitiated by gifts in livestock or metal wire. Their huts, however, like the costumes of their initiates and nobles, and like their developed art of basketry and ore-working, are distinctively their own. It is in portraying such details and emphasizing divergences that Mr. Duggan-Cronin's camera has been most effective. Incidentally, in spite of the oft repeated assertion that the native African has no dance in which both men and women participate, ethnologists will find in the "Bavenda" both textual and photographic proof that in the Domba dances, which may last for months after the tribal initiations, both sexes whirl together. The pictures of native dances, always difficult to obtain, are among the most successful in the volume, and conclusively determine its character not only as a valuable contribution to folk lore and the science of primitive cultures, but also as a work of art.

Among the Nudists
By Frances and Mason Merrill

Nudism! "Is it possible in America?" asks *The Philadelphia Record,* and answers, "Of course. This book will make thousands of adherents." A young American couple have written of their experiences in Europe where they tested the theory of nudism by actual practice. They went from colony to colony, spending over a month with the naked men and women of Holstein.
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2

Sunday, APRIL 7

The gold-fish is dead. I wrote
a poem about him—
The dead fish
Once upon a time there was a
little fish
Right in the middle of the fish-
pond
This morning he was dead
He was green instead of red.
O, How it smelled near the fish-
pond

Tuesday, OCT. 22

We worked on our weekly
readers this morning. I got
100 in Arithmatic. It is a
lovely day today. It is not
usuall for me to get 100 in
Arithmatic.

Sylvia

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Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1931.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given. The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York City; William R. Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York City.

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March 1931. Charles B. Frasca, Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerk's No. 167, Register No. 1F117. (My commission expires March 30, 1931.

Some Recent Fiction

Mr. Arlen's New Yorkers

MEN DISLIKE WOMEN. By MICHAEL ARLEN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1931. $2.50.

IT seems hardly fair for critics to take out on authors their remorse over their own past follies. Time was when Mr. Arlen's gay and charming little tales were highly touted. Now few remain so poor as to do him honor. And yet if one of his romances were to appear again fresh on the scene, with no Arlen tradition behind it, it would probably be highly acclaimed and again with undue extravagance. For reviewers who read many novels would welcome its freshness, and probably be carried away because it was new, diverting, and deft. Ourself, unmindful of the past and having adopted the attitude of more experienced critics, was surprised to discover that we enjoyed this latest work from beginning to end. We found its bits of sparkling satire, turned now on Americans, now on Europeans, amusing and keen, the insight shown into lighter shades of the emotions perspicacious, the plot exciting and nicely turned. But then, this may perhaps be Michael Arlen's best book, though very likely not, since how is one to know without rereading the others? You see, the style is infectious, or will if you reread that last sentence.

At any rate, the new book has a new background — Manhattan with incursions into Long Island. Comte André de Saint-Cloud, whose mother was a rich American Jewess, comes to New York to visit his brother, Pierre, who is so busy making more millions that he neglects his beautiful American wife, Isabella. Isabella seizes upon her brother-in-law, plans his days for weeks ahead, and holds him in tow with all the possessiveness of a lonely and virtuous womon, until, wearied to distraction with the incessant round of doing things, going places, and with all the formalities, André escapes into another equally wealthy but entirely unaristocratic set. This group of ex-politicians, flappers, and youths-about-town, celebrities of various kinds, circles about Charles MacRae, the laundry king, also king pin racketeer. A quadrangle emerges. André and MacRae are the two men. Marylin Fox, young daughter of an ex-mayor whose administration was one of the crookedest in history, and Sheila, an English beauty approaching middle-age, who "had one of those lovely, fair, inane faces that made it possible for men to dream dreams," are the two women. The complications that ensue form the story which is greatly aided by a running accompaniment of quite delightful comment.

Incidentally, Mr. Arlen, through the eyes of his French Count, has excellent vision. His New Yorkers and his scenes are convincing—that is, if the people and events in any light romantic fiction are convincing. That depends upon the reader, or sometimes, perhaps, upon only a mood.

Tabloid Style

SOB SISTER. By MILDRED GILMAN. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by LEILA TAYLOR

YOU are not to confuse "Sob Sister" with another book published some years back, with a similar name. "Sob Sister," by Mildred Gilman, could scarcely have been thought of upwards of six months ago to judge from the startlingly recent allusions which stare up at you from the printed page with the immediateness of your morning newspaper. It is this illusion of immediateness that makes the book such good, racy reading; and if writing for a tabloid newspaper got Miss Gilman's style the force, color, and pace this book shows, a course in tabloid journalism is hereby recommended to all novelists of the windier variety.

"Sob Sister" is a story of the tabloids by an ex-tabloid-reporter, an ex-sob-sister. A sob sister, in case you don't know, is a female reporter who specializes in those stories where the mother of the murderer tells the heartrending story of how good a boy Willie was when he wore knickers, how the cruel landlord is going to evict the Gilhooleys tomorrow unless somebody pays their rent. She is to the newspaper what the actress who can weep at will is to the stock company, a wringer of the heart-strings.

Such a one is Jane Ray in this faintly autobiographical novel. Jane Ray is the star sob sister of the *Courier*, a New York tabloid. We first meet her scooping the rest of the newspaper crowd on a murder story by climbing the back fence on the unwilling shoulders of her attendant photographer, entering the house by the kitchen door, and posing as an old friend of the murdered girl. Such methods naturally do not endear her to her colleagues, and the rivalry which subsequently rises between her and Garry Webster of the *Blade* furnishes the main conflict of the story. For after constant meeting on assignments, the two rivals in the game begin to fall reluctantly in love. Pitted against the romantic urge, however, is the insistent power of the newspaper, which, having gained complete ascendancy over Jane, prods her on to its own maddened pace, never giving her a chance to catch up with her own life. A midnight call from the city desk routs her from vacation to plunge into the wilds of New Jersey after the story of a crazy murderess—with a compelling force she can't explain any more than can hundreds of similarly infatuated souls who do the same thing. Jane goes, protesting:

"Why do people like to read about their tortured neighbors? Newspaper copy is made up of raw bleeding life tragedies, mixed with imagination. A sickly half starved boy is a 'Cry Baby Bandit.' An idiotic prostitute is an 'Iron Woman.' A desperately hungry little girl is a 'Bobbed Haired Thrill Bandit.' There's a title for all of them, 'Torch Fiends,' 'Sheik Slayers,' 'Chloroform Killers,' romantic titles for these weak people shivering in their jail cells."

Along with the plays "Front Page," "Chicago," and "Five Star Final," "Sob Sister" is an arraignment of the journalism its heroine practices and its author knows so well. Its methods all but send the *Courier's* sob sister on a ride, gangster fashion, and the book winds up to a stirring climax, utilizing a series of Long Island murders of such recent date and vividness that they give an air of verisimilitude to all the heroine's adventures. All in all, Miss Gilman has written a book which is decidedly good reading, which speaks a living idiom, and deals with a phase of our life that never fails to fascinate.

A Promising Novelist

THUNDER ABOVE THE SEA. By HEINRICH HÄUSER. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE excellent combination of Teutonic author and Irish translator first revealed last season in "Bitter Waters" is here found again, and apparently still at its best, in Herr Häuser's second novel, "Thunder above the Sea," translated by Patrick Kirwan. "Bitter Waters" was a book about youth and the sea, reflecting the bitterness of its title amply in the desperate, unhappy attempt of the two lovers to find shelter for their love from the world's envy. "Thunder Above the Sea," except for one brief unforgettable episode, deserts the sea for the air, but the same strain of bitterness is present, refined and made more subtle by the over-civilized atmosphere in which the story is laid.

Without losing anything of the freshness and power which made his earlier book so remarkable, Herr Häuser has treated a somewhat more complicated case of frustrated passion. His aviator meets the demi-mondaine heroine at a moment when her life is nearly over; only a few weeks of clinical suffering and horror remain for her. Yet when she is temporarily well enough to come to see him again, their mutual passion can find no words or means of expression. She leaves him silently to return to her hospital to die. The same ironic impotence of human beings before the decrees of fate was visible in "Bitter Waters," but in the author's new book the cards are even more clearly stacked from the beginning against his characters.

In many cases such a framework of plot might seem only an excuse for unnecessary horrors and a general forced atmosphere of gloom, common enough in the writings of many Teutonic and Scandinavian authors of the post-war period. Yet such is the magic of Herr Häuser's style, his calculated brutality of phrase, that all the possible objections to his subject matter fall rapidly away. It is clear that a writer of first importance and power is here demonstrating his art. Whether he is writing of himself in Ireland planning the novel which we are reading simultaneously in the alternate chapters, or making us live the instants of his heroine's agony, he is always complete master of the reader's attention. The youth and force of his talent are unabated, while the subtlety of form and reasoning in "Thunder above the Sea" shows a considerable advance over his first work. If there is a promising younger novelist in Germany today, that man is Heinrich Häuser.

Mellow Irony

THE PAISLEY SHAWL. By FREDERICK NIVEN. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by E. C. BECKWITH

A bookish tale this, devoid of action, and adding still another variation on the ancient triangle, the novel is yet written with a keen sense of human values, a leisurely grace, a gentle, mellow irony which go far toward redeeming it from all trace of tedium or banality. Into the placid life of a Scots literary man, Peter, and his wife, Helen, who bide peacefully in a rustic cottage near Edinburgh, there suddenly intrudes a predatory, highly-sexed poetess in her early thirties. During the week which follows, the unworldly Peter—Helen all the while slyly observant of his furtive straying, wisely affects innocent unawareness of it—falls heavyily for the wiles of the temptress, and it is the disturbing progress of this interlude in the normally tranquill life of the married pair, to its natural, if disillusioning, close that constitutes virtually the whole of this delicately handled, admirably told story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF *FIDDLER'S FAREWELL*

Leonora Speyer's
New Poems

NAKED HEEL

"Show great mastery. . . It is our guess that had *Monk and Lady* been found among the works of the mid-century Brotherhood it would have enjoyed a not inconsiderable place beside the ballads of Rossetti and Morris."—*Percy Hutchison in The New York Times.*

"This poet wields a flexible irregularity of line that can curve like a wave or snap like a whip. . . Her observation of humanity is subtle. . . The *Ballad of Old Doc Higgins* shows a delightful sense of humor. Again, the poet can stir our emotions. . . One relishes such simplicity in the midst of a great deal of tortuous work of the day."—*William Rose Benét in The Saturday Review of Literature.*

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Who *is* this JOHN MISTLETOE?

He was a young man with an incurable passion for living. Among his youthful memories were the lawns of Haverford under the bronze glimmer of beech trees, secret adventures in the college library, and a narrative composed under that influence, *The Story of a Woodcutter*, which was first considered for the title of this book.

* * *

Young Mistletoe went to Oxford and there acquired a corkscrew, a tea-apparatus, a china tobacco-jar, the bliss of solitude, the power to beget his own world for himself, and an unforgettable recollection of chimes. He came under the influence of literature as a present living reality. His memory is tinctured by this. To think now of Oxford, he says, "alone and from afar, is to be thrilled as one is thrilled in reading Donne or Milton or Sir Thomas Browne." College, he found, can only make one sensitive in those regions of the mind that are likely to bear the full impact of literature later on. It is possible that this biography of a mind represents the peak of his education there set in motion.

* * *

After Oxford, Mistletoe went into publishing. As a Publisher's Young Man, he learned the great thrill of discovering a book, reading it in manuscript, wrangling for it in editorial council, writing it into contract, planning its jacket and advertising, writing about it to reviewers, steaming up the Boys to Get Quantities, selling it in retail trade, taking the money, wrapping up the volume, and all but going home with the customer to read it aloud. He believed he would find a publishing office buzzing with bookish passion. On this supposition he was soon set straight. "Only a fool will attempt to lay down dicta," he says, "on a business which, over and above being a traffic is also an instinct and a fine art."

Leaving books, Mistletoe went to work for a newspaper in Philadelphia, which city he thought perhaps the nearest one could find to a locus of the American identity. There he wrote everything from sports to lead editorials, and thence escaped even deeper into print—to conduct a famous column in the New York *Evening Post*.

* * *

This he found the most exciting place to be, in the most fantastic city, in the most extraordinary age. New York was "a divinely insane town that Shakespeare would have relished." It was his job to feel her beauty and terror and try to catch a small glimpse of it on paper. His mind was filled with these crystal conceptions. "Her long narrow hull anchored in the stream like a great ship riding the gale of Time." He struggled—and succeeded—in learning something of "the damned agility necessary to find and seize the soul's nourishment in the huge fury of New York."

Under this spell he began a modern credo, "I believe in the Woolworth Building and the flukes of Moby Dick." Yet the only time the young columnist was seriously reproached was not for questioning the divinity of God, but that of Lord Northcliffe.

* * *

By now Mistletoe himself had produced some strange and terrible and beautiful books which had come to be among the most prized possessions of many discriminating people. They enabled him to give up his column, and he imagined that leaving the *Post* was the end of journalizing.

But things move fast on Vesey Street. Even the type lice must know that. The *Saturday Review* was founded; Mistletoe wrote for it and expressed a hope that it would be a completely civilized paper, "with all the vices and virtues of civilization." Since then he has variously championed the cause of lusty melodrama, written some very fine books of his own, and become, in general, one of the significant figures of contemporary literature.

* * *

Now, at the halfway post, Mistletoe has decided to explore the memories of thirty years in order to determine "what was beautiful, what had meaning."

This book, therefore, is in the nature of an exploration and a personal testament. Mistletoe himself calls it "a dictionary of understanding—a hyphen between two generations—an attempt to guess at the sort of things that are really worth blood and sweat." For his own composure he has here set down some hard-won inflexions from his own grammar of surprise. He has let intuition be alive and aware.

As he himself says, "When a mind escapes from prison, the big siren yells and the hunt is on!" This is a thrilling mind-hunt. We have just gone to press with the last copies of the book. You have probably read much about John Mistletoe already in the Saturday Review. You will certainly want to own his book as soon as it is published (next Friday, May 1st). So place your order now with your bookseller, for that first-edition copy.

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

GLADIOLA SHARD

JOHN MISTLETOE

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FOR some few years past H. G. Merriam has edited a magazine, *The Frontier*, whose object was to present both in prose and poetry the work of rising young Northwestern writers. Mr. Merriam is also chairman of the department of English at the University of Montana. Both these callings render him particularly suited to the task of compiling the anthology which The Caxton Printers, Ltd., of Caldwell, Idaho, have lately brought out, entitled *Northwest Verse*. It is properly dedicated to the memory of that brilliant invalid poetess of Oregon who died some seven years ago, Hazel Hall. Selections from her work lead off the volume. She possessed a distinctive note of her own. After her the widely known names include Howard McKinley Corning, Mary Carolyn Davies, Stoddard King, Lew Sarett, Idella Purnell, and Charles Erskine Scott Wood. The editor believes that the Northwest is on the eve of a real literary movement. He has found, in choosing these three hundred poems, that the writers in general keep to descriptions of things and people, and of the natural scene around them, rather than analyzing emotions. He finds that the writers have a preference for the sonnet as a form, which he does not altogether approve, and another and better preference for the ballad. "In verse forms and rhythms," he adds, however, "these Northwest poets are still too imitative," and he was disappointed to see that much of the work that came to him for sifting was "imitative rather than indigenous."

Nevertheless there is a good deal of promise in this book and a good deal of variety. H. L. Davis, while his work is somewhat prosy, is nevertheless authentic. Fisher Vardis's "Antelope People" arrests the attention. When we come to John C. Frohlicher, who sings of frontier towns and miners and smelter smoke, we get so striking a short poem as the following:

GHOSTS

Hear them knocking—listen—there!
Ghosts of miners—fighting for air.
Faint—far away—down the stope—
Picking the cave-in—and no hope.
You hear them knocking in the Elm Orlu,
In the Leadville mines, and at Granite, too—
In the Cœur d'Alenes, and the Comstock lodes,
And in soft coal mines, where gas explodes—
Hear them! Listen—quiet—there!
Ghosts of miners—wanting air.

Gwendolen Haste's work we have reviewed in these columns not so long ago as her most recent book was then before us. Here she is given eight poems and deserves it. Her work is truly of the West and usually has an original touch. Howard McKinley Corning is another poet whose work we have rather thoroughly appraised heretofore. Stoddard King, of course, introduces his well-known fantastic humor in "What the Canaries Sang to the Whales," and his other poems here are well-turned. Norman Macleod emerges as a strong experimental poet who makes quite a vivid impression. James Marshall's slambang metrics concerning the Oregon Trail are interesting to contrast with Lloyd S. Thompson's singing Montana as Sandburg has sung Chicago. Lew Sarett's poems are familiar. We would recall to you the following verse from his excellent "Breakers of Broncos,"

O breakers of broncos, we fling you on the wind
This handful of dust, this bitter alkali!—
As well attempt to rope the bucking stars,
Or burn your bars upon the flank of the moon!
When will you whirl your lasso at the sun?
Or bridle it? Or straddle the lightning-flash?

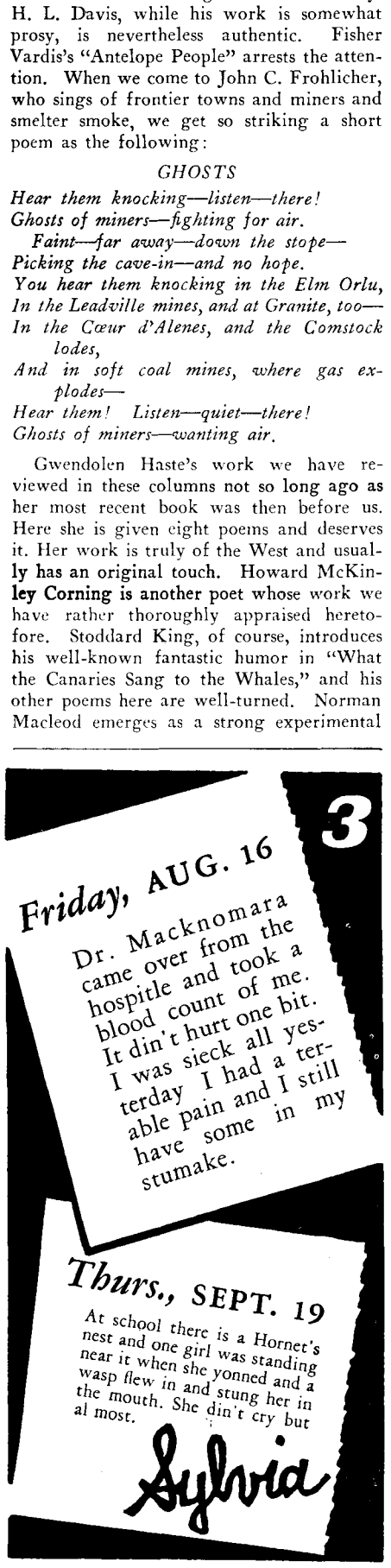
The indefatigable New York publisher of poetry, Henry Harrison, sends us two more volumes, the poems of Antoinette Scudder, *Out of Peony and Blade* and *If This Be Wisdom*, by Alice E. Modes. The former volume is printed, for some inconceivable reason, on pink paper. The poems themselves are quite good, re-creations of Japanese legends that have charm and color, though the technique is certainly not always above reproach. As to Miss Modes's poems we cannot think even the best of them very good, although there is much magazine verse, unfortunately, that is no better. Still, this is a first book and far be it from us to imply that she may not be able to develop her facility into future work of merit. *Gravenstein Apples: A Little Book of Verses*, by Flora Cecile Allison (privately printed), is little better in substance, though its format is more attractive. We wish to quote the following from it as an illustration of the kind of poetry that has been written by neophytes from the year one—will always probably continue to be so written—and will be bound to engender parody because it lays itself so open to it.

REALITY

All about me is a world of endless beauty.
I stretch forth my hands—
They are filled with gifts.
Truly the gods are good!
I lift each treasure in my hand
And lo! it crumbles to nothingness.
Is this then life?
This empty longing for I know not what?
Is nothing real?
Nay, nothing but my dreams,
For they are my very self and I am they—
And naught else is.

Probably the poets themselves would not believe it, but there are reams and reams of such poems being turned out every day and arranged in slim volumes of verse. The statement is either most bald and hackneyed of phrase, as the above, or else it is drenched with sentimentality. There is love disappointment, beside disillusionment with life in general, there are invocations to the clouds, to the birds, to the trees, to almost everything including God.

Shortly before the death of the recent poet-laureate of England, Robert Bridges, he revised a preface which now appears preceding an essay of his on the nineteenth century poet, *George Darley*, who was born in the same year as Keats. The essay is Number V of the *Collected Essays and Papers* of Robert Bridges, and the preface concerns a system of phonetic spelling adopted by Mr. Bridges which seems to us barbarous. We have never, however, been a convert to phonetic spelling in any form, and rather than prejudice our readers we advise them to purchase the little book for a dollar from the Oxford University Press in New York and see for themselves what they think. In any event, however, they will be possessed of a paper by an exceptionally keen and discriminating scholar, on an English poet for whom we have always had a special place in our heart,—one, indeed, who, with a somewhat better turn of fortune, might have blossomed into a genius. As Mr. Bridges points out, Darley's most ambitious work, *Nepenthe*, was ruined finally by his inability to see more than very cloudily where he was going or to organize his material in such a way as to make it genuine lyrical narrative. But we have always thought it had fine things in it, though probably Mr. Bridges is right again when he refuses to award even one lyric of Darley's the absolutely first rank. Nor did the unfortunate Darley achieve in the drama, though he attempted historical subjects and blank verse. He lacked the structural faculty. Hence he is nearly forgotten today. Thomas Hood, for instance, is deservedly better known,—we mean aside from Hood's humorous verse. As Quiller-Couch once remarked: with a little luck, the author of "Fair Ines," would have stood far higher than he does.


3
Friday, AUG. 16
Dr. Macknomara came over from the hospitle and took a blood count of me. It din't hurt one bit. I was sieck all yesterday I had a terable pain and I still have some in my stumake.
Thurs., SEPT. 19
At school there is a Hornet's nest and one girl was standing near it when she yonned and a wasp flew in and stung her in the mouth. She din't cry but al most.
Sylvia

Foreign Literature

A Revolutionary Writer

QUER DURCH. By ERNST TOLLER. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. 1931.
FEUER AUS DEN KESSELN. By ERNST TOLLER. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. 1931.

THE cover of Ernst Toller's recently published volume of impressions of America and Russia, with some critical and autobiographical essays, reproduces the poster issued by the Bavarian police authorities in May, 1919, offering ten thousand marks' reward for his capture. A piquant item in the information supplied regarding Toller is that he speaks "Schriftdeutsch"—standard, educated German, not dialect. And Toller is, in fact, a man of education, refinement, and culture who, like so many of the German Social Democrats and even Communists, came into the German revolutionary movement, so to speak, from above. When the European War broke out, Toller was studying at Lyons, but he managed to get back to Germany, where he joined the army. He was seriously wounded on the Western front, and eventually declared unfit for further service. His experiences had turned him into a militant anti-militarist, and soon his activities in this direction brought him to prison in 1917. He there wrote his first play, "Die Wandlung," in the expressionist style followed at that time by all the writers of leftward tendencies. In one of the essays included in the volume "Quer Durch" he has some interesting remarks on this first work of his.

With the armistice Toller was released, and became the leader of the Independent Social Democrats in Munich, later the president of the revolutionary council of soldiers and workers. But the less radical elements of the Social Democratic party were to gain the upper hand. The Bavarian leader, Kurt Eisner, was assassinated, and the Government troops subdued the revolution, arresting Toller, who in May, 1919, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment on a charge of high treason. In the fortress of Nieder-Schönfeld he wrote his three best known books—two plays, "The Machine-Wreckers" and "Masses and Men," which were translated into English and performed with success in England and the United States, and the "Swallow-Book," a volume of poems which Mr. Ashley Dukes, the English playwright, who had made known Toller's plays, also rendered into English verse. Toller also wrote two other volumes of poetry and two other plays in prison before he was released in 1924, but they did not add much to the already secure reputation he had made with the works just named. Although, as he admits in an autobiographical chapter of his "Quer Durch," expressionism in Germany has now given way before the "Neue Sachlichkeit," the "New Realism," the passionate sincerity, the really dramatic gifts, and the excellent adaptation of expressionist technique to revolutionary subjects shown in his best plays are sufficient to give Toller a permanent place in German literature as the finest literary expression of German post-war revolutionary history.

Toller's point of view has not essentially changed. In his latest play he presents once more a revolutionary subject, the revolt of the lower decks on the German battle cruisers, and the proceedings of the Committee of Investigation, as a result of which the leaders were condemned. It is, of course, propaganda, and sometimes it approaches the banality of revolutionary pamphleteering, but Toller shows something like his former dramatic power in his breathless account of the conditions against which the German sailors revolted. It is the tragic element in particular situations which, as he tells us, he tries to envisage. He is a strong opponent of what he calls the "Banal-Optimismus" of some Socialists; he is under no illusion that a mere alleviation of material injustice and want will bring about a Paradise on earth. He is also a thoroughgoing pacifist—and the extreme Left movement now is not at all inclined that way; in fact, as he tells us, the pacifism of his "Masse-Mensch" brought him much criticism from the political circles to which he belonged. At bottom, it is clear enough, Toller is no politician; he is an acute observer, with generous principles and a large heart, an idealist with little patience with what falls short of his utopia. His impulses are the mainspring of his dramatic power; they disqualify him for effective political leadership, or even impartial political observation. This is interestingly illustrated in some of the chapters of "Quer Durch."

The greater part of the book is taken up with Toller's account of his experiences in the United States and in Soviet Russia. Given Toller's sympathies, his experiences with "authority"—even up to his short detention on Ellis Island—it should be easy enough to predict his verdict. And in fact, of course, we do find the superficial, erotic, mechanized side of American life emphasized out of all due proportion; on getting to Russia, we also find, of course, the idealism, the noble striving for a new order of society, the Communist endeavor to obtain a fair deal for the worker at the expense of the so-called "exploiter," which Toller discovered in Russia, extolled to the almost complete disregard of other factors in Societ policy. But Toller, even in Moscow, did not close his eyes; in fact, his account of the mechanized administration of a Soviet factory, where the admitted aim is to turn the worker into an efficient machine (at wages which Toller confesses to be low), is, almost in spite of himself, as bitter a criticism as his account of the Ford factory. He also, with the years of his own prison experience in his mind, finds cause for complaint in the Soviet prisons. We seem to be justified in concluding that Toller, the pure idealist, is disappointed at finding that

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the Utopia of his dreams has not been realized even in Russia.

And yet, further on, Toller again surprises us by criticizing—gently but unmistakably—the absolute doctrinaire policy of the Soviets, the purely external compliance with an arbitrary code of "proletarian" social customs. "The demands of ideology," he says, "must some time capitulate before the elemental power of the individual and collective soul." Thus an artist speaks, a man of the imagination, and it is as both that Toller will be long remembered, when his day-to-day political activities, his speeches, for example, which he reprints in "Quer Durch," are forgotten amid the outworn formulas produced by an abnormal state of society and of mind.

Current Fiction

DIE GROSSE SACHE. By HEINRICH MANN. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer. 1931.

ZWIEMANN. By CARL HAENSEL. Jena: Eugen Diederichs. 1931.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

HEINRICH MANN paints on a smaller canvas than his brother; he also goes less deeply into the personal psychology of his characters, whom he is apt to present satirically, not to say cynically, as figures on the stage of German society, rather than as individuals reacting to the spiritual and intellectual currents of the time. "Die Grosse Sache" is a satirical picture of the German Republic, as exemplified in certain of its politicians or industrialist leaders. It may be described as doing for post-war, post-inflation Germany, what his previous novel, "Der Untertan," did for imperial Germany. The "Grosse Sache" of the title is not a reality at all; it is the supposed invention of a new explosive by the engineer Birk who, with his rather large and importunate family, has attained only to moderate success, while he has seen Schattich, his friend and colleague, attain fame and wealth, becoming Chancellor and then, after laying down this political office, being entrusted with the task of the "rationalization" of German industry. He is not at all a pleasant character, Schattich, nor is his wife, who tries to seduce Birk's son-in-law, while Schattich himself conceives a kind of elderly passion for the eldest daughter whom, patronizingly, and with other objects in view than purely secretarial, he engages as his shorthand-typist. In the meantime the so-called epochmaking invention of Birk, who has an accident and retires to a nursing-home which he welcomes as a refuge from all his worries, is taken in hand by his son-in-law, and most of the plot of the book consists of the struggle to keep the invention from Schattich, who tries to claim it for the chemical trust of which he is chairman, and Birk the employee. In the course of the working-out of this story there is much presentation of Schattich's hypocrisy, his inclination for "nude" parties and similar decadent pastimes, his underhand deals; also the marital unhappiness of Birk's daughter, and her husband's attraction to his sister-in-law, and the youngest daughter's flirtation with a professional boxer. It is an aimless kind of society that is here delineated, with a pen dipped in corrosive.

An epoch-making invention also forms the mainspring of the plot of "Zwiemann." Two friends and fellow patients at Davos, Gert and Bartholomäus, join forces in order to exploit a chemical, called "anophelin," with which to destroy the cause of malaria. They give themselves out as one person, Herr Zwiemann, and a contest begins between them and the quinine industry, which is determined to capture the world trade and sees a serious menace to their monopoly in this rival drug. For if there is no more malaria, what need will there be for a remedy? High finance, industrial espionage, intrigue to secure the support of the League of Nations—all this is presented, together with the love story between the daughter of the president of the chemical trust, and the two men who trade as "Herr Zwiemann." The girl gives herself to Gert, but Bartholomäus believes himself destined to be favored, and at the end Gert cuts the knot by revealing the dual nature of the "Zwiemann" concern, by handing over the secret and his love to his friend and rival, and then disappearing by committing suicide in a blazing car. It is an interesting, at times even a thrilling story.

"Arnold Bennett chose wisely," says the London *Observer*, "in dropping his first name of Enoch, which is not one he would have chosen for himself. He is not by any means the only man who has dissented from the choice of his godparents. Mr. Kipling had originally a J. (his school poems were signed J. R. K.)"

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Points of View

The Authors Digest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Your editorial of Saturday, April 11th, discussing the Authors Digest, a subscription work published by the Authors Press of New York and Chicago, and edited by the Authors Club of New York, raises questions which I am glad to answer.

The Authors Digest had originally no official connection with the Authors Club. Dr. Rossiter Johnson organized it and was its first editor. Many of the books digested had been written by other members of the Authors Club, and he dedicated the first issue to the Club.

Because of the similarity of name, much confusion resulted in the minds of those approached for subscription. Inquiries were frequently made whether the Club published the work, and when the Club had to reply that it was quite distinct from the Authors Press, the inquirer felt, quite unjustly, that he had a grievance.

In order to remedy this situation Mr. Edward T. Kelly, the President of the Authors Press, asked the Authors Club two years ago to undertake the selection of books for the Digest and to superintend the digesting. The Authors Club agreed to this proposal, and an Editorial Committee was appointed from its members. I have hitherto served as Chairman of that Committee. The Club has complete control of the choice of books and of the digesting. The Authors Press, however, is the publisher of the work, responsible for its business arrangements and for its advertising. The work of the Editorial Committee of the Club is voluntary. For this service, however, the Press pays the Authors Club.

Your editorial questions the value of digests of any kind, and in particular the propriety of the advertising matter which the Authors Press sends out. As President of the Authors Club I signed a letter which is reproduced in facsimile in the circular matter which you received. In that letter I gave my reasons for believing the Digest a useful work. Few people read even a small proportion of the published books. A summary of books which have achieved wide success and which seem to have some permanent value ought to be of service in calling attention to stories which we have overlooked. Few book stores carry fiction beyond a season or two, and it is hard to look up a book several years old. As a work of reference the Digest has proved useful to me personally, when I have wished to remind myself of the plot of some novel not at hand. The Digest, like book clubs and other subscription projects, seems to me justified by the fact that in this country book stores are not distributed in proportion to the immense territory, and in many parts of the land it is hard to get copies even of the best selling titles. The digest of current fiction, offered frankly as a digest, might at least call the attention of many readers to volumes which it would be worth while to send for even from afar.

As to the phrasing of the advertising matter—the statement, for example, that "it is the story itself, not the 'padding' which counts in a novel"—the statement that "every novel is after all only a short story"—I am sorry that you did not state in your editorial that these expressions were taken from a well known paragraph of the late Brander Matthews. The advertising circular which you criticized, quotes it: "Subject a novel to the fire assay, and what remains at the bottom of the cupel—the precious metal with the worthless stuff burned out of it—is a short story. The novel is a short story padded."

This advertising matter was composed by the Authors Press, not by the Authors Club. If I had been writing the circular I would have submitted a different argument in favor of the Digest, but I cannot find serious fault with the Press for basing their argument on the theory of a distinguished writer and critic—even though you and I do not happen to agree with that theory.

JOHN ERSKINE.

Physics and Platonism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In a letter in your January 31st issue, Mr. Samuel Logan Sanderson expresses himself in agreement with Professor Northrop's objections to the mathematical theory of nature in the latter part of his article, "Physics and Platonism." It seems to me that Professor Northrop's objections are surprisingly fallacious; and that Mr. Sanderson fails to make the point of his "most important objection to this theory" because his notions of what the Platonists are driving at are altogether too vague.

Taking practical before theoretical, Professor Northrop objects against the Platonists that "one cannot deprecate the authenticity and importance of the world of sensation without destroying interest in nature for its own sake." A statement too relative to mean much without considerable qualification. It depends for its consequences on to whom the deprecation is addressed. To do so to the temperamental (not theoretical) empiricist might destroy his interest in nature for its own sake; but our experience of human nature rather leads us to believe it would not. On the other hand, there have been among great contributors to science, theoretical physicists, and pure mathematicians from whom the Platonic deprecations have elicited sympathy at least. I would say, without seeking to verify it, that these constitute the majority. Such distinctions of the temperaments of men do have a direct correspondence to the theoretical distinctions of the several sciences. It is on this latter Professor Northrop's argument turns. Thus we are all the more surprised to find him in the latter part of his article forgetting that the case he has already made for one point of view cannot be destroyed merely by taking up another point of view. It is impossible to find synthesis, analysis, or refutation in placing the Platonic assertion that "It is because pure mathematics restricts itself to purely conceptual or logical forms, that it lacks reality for minds untrained in logic, who know nothing but emotional, and other, sensuous factors, and suppose that only such factors exist" (an excellent statement of the matter), over against his later unsupported assumption that, since all immediate knowledge of nature is sensory, only those holding a philosophy of the type of Hume's sensationalist empiricism can be interested enough in nature to carry forward the work of science. Mr. Sanderson also, but more vaguely, ranges himself alongside this assumption; maintaining that (for Plato) the intellect can analyze only illusions. An illusion due to his mistaken notion that Platonism proclaims the complete *a priority* of knowledge.

Let us examine Professor Northrop's empiricism with his own standard: historical results. We find almost off-hand that while the sensationalist thinkers of the Hume-Condillac type have contributed little to the natural sciences, the philosophical idealists, such as Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Archimedes, Copernicus, and Newton, to name a few, have contributed very much.

The historical argument, if it confirms anything, confirms what was already axiomatic: to wit, science is, of necessity, general and abstract. It is the product of the reason in its most purely conceptual and logical processes. The senses deliver us only the particular—and that side of reality in a **very qualified sense. As** Mr. Sanderson rightly asserts (but of the secondary qualities only): the senses give us only sensation. If he had only gone straight ahead along this line he would have seen that this is true of the primary qualities also. Knowing that much, he would have perhaps escaped attributing to the Platonists the vague confusions of his next paragraph. Let us, for example, suppose we are looking at a conical object. From one point of view it appears to be circular, from another triangular, from another, triangular with an elliptical base. Which, then, of these appearances is the real object? The Platonist asserts that none of them are. But he further asserts that the various appearances "suggest" to the mind, and start it on a path of deduction toward a "standard": an abstract, universal, immutable, perfect concept of cone, triangle, ellipse, or whatever it may be. The cone of our private percepts, the cone of Mr. Sanderson's "objective reality," is like his "red rose," a bundle of particular sensations, always "becoming," and only more or less approximating to the conceptual standard. Reality is, in Socrates's phrase, a thing "trying to be so-and-so but never succeeding." The natural laws are deductions from concepts such as these, expressed in logical (and, for the sake of greater subtlety and facility) in mathematical form. The job of the creative mathematician is to forge an intellectual instrument so simple, precise, and abstract as to do away with sensual, imaginary, and emotional factors which only serve to clog the mind. It is these latter we coördinate into our rather irrational practical theories for everyday living. Such theories, or laws, are of course very near the senses. But are they any nearer "reality" than those laws of the theoretical physicist that, as they reach greater and greater generality and simplicity, cease any longer to formulate relations between "perceived things?" What differentiates these points of view (and "formally" the different sciences are only different points of view) is the level or degree of abstraction to which they limit themselves.

This brings us to the fallacy in Professor Northrop's assumption about empiricism. The fallacy lies in assuming that there is something inherent in these self-imposed limitations of the sciences that implies the denial of reality to the sciences and everyday sense-experience lying outside these limitations. This is the same as asserting that since the genus differs from the species by greater abstraction, it therefore invalidates the real existence of the species.

There is an intimate connection between this and Professor Northrop's begging of the question in raising the "problem of ignorance" as an insoluble objection to Platonism. Here he again, and surprisingly, assumes the Platonists to be utter a priorists, condemning sense-experience in the manner that Hume condemns rational experience. As we saw above they do not do this; realizing what even so complete an a priorist as Kant realized: "concepts without percepts are blind, percepts without concepts are empty." As a matter of fact, the "problem of ignorance" bears less severely on Platonism than on any other philosophy—much less so than on sensationalist empiricism, where you have percepts without concepts; hence an empty mind. But to Plato, more than to any other, men were ignorant precisely because they were burdened with the flesh and the senses, and mortality. All knowledge is clouded by the spatial and temporal limitations of these. Man's concepts may attain universal comprehension, his mathematical laws contain a world-wide function; but the content of his concepts, the variables of his equations are forever doomed to imperfection by the senses and the sensory. To know the whole of reality, not only the comprehension but the *content* of every concept would have to be adequate to the infinite and seemingly chaotic particularity of reality. Of such sort, it is conceivable, is the knowledge of the Great Mathematician of the Universe. Which indicates the direction an answer to Professor Northrop's somewhat shallow natural theology would take.

ROBERT B. HUTCHISON.
Denver, Colo.

How About It

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Innumerable published lists of "the hundred best books" bear witness, I am led to assume, to a general interest in the classics. I suppose the fascination of such selections lies partly in acceptance of recognized critical opinion, and in the reverence of the layman for "constituted authority."

What I should like to find out about the classics is how they are regarded by readers rather than by the literary dictators of today. As a teacher I know (or being a teacher I think I know), what people ought to read. I want information on what it is they do read. It would be helpful. When a few years ago at Yale, a college more or less in New England, no student in one of my classes had read more than two poems of Whittier's, I was, I admit, surprised. I should like to see the suggestion of "A Publisher," whose letter you printed in your issue of January 31, 1931, followed. I am sure that lists of "best-sellers" of standard authors would have quite as much popular interest as similar lists chosen from authors of the last ten minutes. They would satisfy a lot of curiosity. They would, I am sure, answer many questions which many people want answered. Is Tennyson dead? Is Smollett pretty poor? Is Trollope a greater favorite than Dickens, and where is Dickens anyway? Does anyone now read Cowley? Is the interest in Donne merely academic, or is it truly popular? Which way is Browning going in spite of William Lyon Phelps? Do we have to have "next-best" modernizations of Chaucer? Do modern poets still think that they invented specific detail, symbolism, and simple language? Is the *fin de siècle* finished? Longfellow, Whittier, Whitman, where are they? Is the academically reputed general interest in America substantiated by popular sales? Lots of us would like to know what the book stores have to report about. Let Womrath, *Publishers' Weekly*, and others print lists to satisfy widespread general interest.

HAMILTON J. SMITH.
Port Washington, N. Y.

"There Goes John Bradford"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

With reference to a communication from J. M. Matthews under "Points of View" in your issue of January 31st, I might refer to the "Dictionary of National Biography," where under the record of "John Bradford, 1510-1555, Protestant martyr," may be found this statement: "There is a tradition that on seeing some criminals going to execution he exclaimed: 'But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford.'" Other authorities, including his own writings, attribute this expression to him, with whom John Bunyan and John Wesley seem to be confused, because the exclamation is so in keeping with the quality of their lives and writings.

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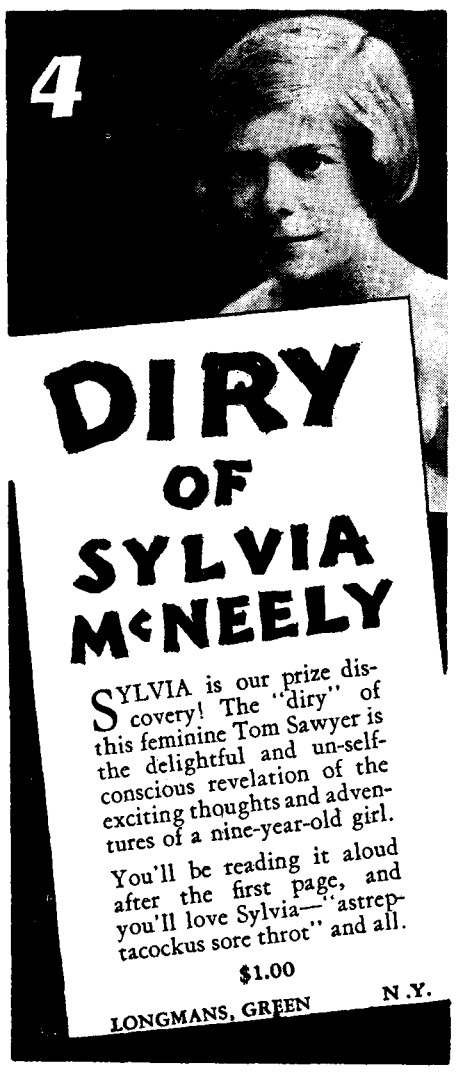
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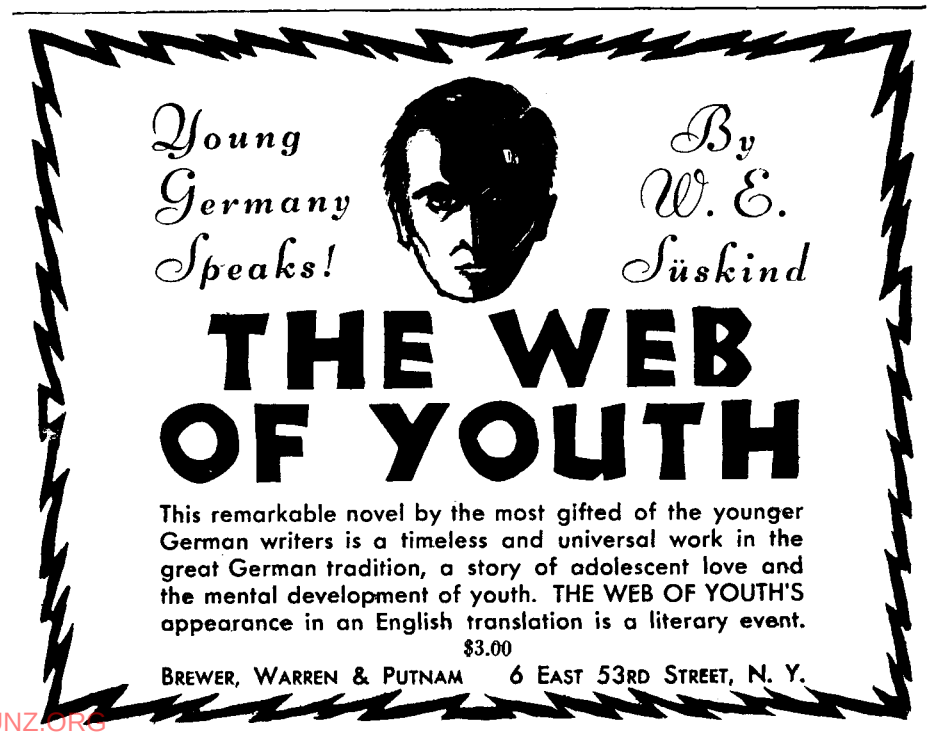
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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

NACIO: HIS AFFAIRS. By ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY. Harpers. 1931. $2.50.

Mrs. Kelly begins her latest story of the perennial Urruty family with a "lehenpheredikis," as the Basques laughingly call a prologue. In this "first speaking" she explains that while sitting in a tree-top gnawing her pen (she has her study in a tree-top) somewhere in Kentucky, she was overcome by a desire to know what might have happened to all her old friends in Andorra of whom she has written in "Basquerie" and the "Book of Bette." So she climbed down from her tree, or perhaps she has some stairs, and crossed the necessary continents and oceans to find out. Since a good many American readers felt exactly the same curiosity and are now able to satisfy it without such energetic travel, this story of Nacio Urruty should find a resting-place for its blue beret-ed head on many a library table.

Nacio is the brother of Esteban Urruty who married the American girl in "Basquerie" and of Bette who married John de Maytie—in the "Book of Bette." But Nacio marries no one. His affairs are harmless and amusing. The first episode concerns his mistake in accepting as the lily maid of Astolat a certain broad-moraled artist model whom he discovers romantically confined in a chateau nearby. He attempts to rescue her but is rescued from her by his family. His second adventure begins more successfully. He rescues by aeroplane a beautiful American lady and brings her to a little rural shelter near his home. But this lady has a husband and a baby. When she returns to America, she leaves her baby to Nacio. And this is Nacio's real affair.

There are happenings, happenings, all the way. Nacio is nearly married to a lady in a harem, he is kidnapped by Arab sheiks, and his beloved ward is coveted by a dark-skinned admirer. And all sorts of other things.

Mrs. Kelly obviously writes to amuse herself and her readers. She writes gaily and optimistically. She is not above coincidence, she is not above moralizing. And everything ends just as nearly as it should as possible. But since no one reads these books in order to discover the Basque soul, one may as well accept the Basque surface as inconsequentially as it is presented.

EARTHWORMS IN EUROPE. By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

Though the brand of humor purveyed in this comic novel is consistently infantile, the book contains occasional strokes of broad satire on the American booster and his methods which are decidedly apt and laughter-provoking. Alexander Botts, who appeared last year in another Upson volume dedicated to his career as demon salesman for the Earthworm Tractor Company, is now dispatched to Europe with Gadget, his indispensable wife, to promote the sale of the machines in the old world countries. The ridiculously self-assured narratives he writes home to his boss, telling cocksurely of his repeated failures to dispose of his wares in France, Germany, Russia, Italy, compose the bulk of the book. As a high pressure go-getter abroad, Botts proves a complete failure until, providentially, Mussolini himself takes kindly to his patter and orders tractor machines from him in sufficient quantity to save him from being recalled home by his firm in disgrace. The book is best calculated to suit the light reading requirements of people who find wit in the funny strips of the daily press.

PORCELAIN AND CLAY. By HELEN R. MARTIN. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.

Here is a novel which should make very entertaining reading for girls in early adolescence who haven't been brought up on realistic fiction, or for those adults who choose to forget life's monotony occasionally by believing in movie virtues and vicissitudes. It is heavy-handed romance, oversentimentalized and spiritually out-of-date.

Porcelain—a family of wealth and tradition in a present-day Connecticut community—is highly polished. So highly polished that when the poor young wife of the youngest son becomes, unwanted, a house guest at the family home, she finds no place laid for her at meals. So polished that when after a day of forced abstinence, she faces hauteur and crushing indifference rather than starve, conversation is carried on as if she were indeed still absent. So polished that her Normal School training is ridiculed, her choice of words laughed at, her every motive suspected.

By way of contrast, "clay" is the real thing—the Pennsylvania Dutch girl so often depicted by the author—a Mary Pickford figure in this case, sweet, charming, with fair curly hair and a white skin. One who out of her social ignorance quotes Bernard Shaw to capitalists, who refuses to be even interested in her degenerate husband's half million a year, who becomes eventually belle of the aristocratic community, and marries, after her husband's ignoble desertion, his far more stable and dignified brother—a brother who nevertheless had already regarded her as a "girl of that class," and held true to "all the traditions of his race" until her demure charm demolished them. The problem as to whether the brilliant polish will be worn down, or the clay itself take on a gloss by this union, is not propounded.

FALSE FACES. By THEODORE S. DRACHMAN. Newland Press. 1931. $2.

There are frequent indications in this first novel that the author is uncertainly feeling his way and that if he in future overcomes the fault of filling interminable pages with nothing more substantial than wind, his work should call for respectful attention. Through the medium of a weak, introspective, vacillating youth of German immigrant parentage—and of course with the stream-of-consciousness method—is related the tedious, long-drawn tale of Franz Held's futile struggle for self-understanding, for an economic start in life, and for an abiding solution of the worldly and sentimental problems over which he is forever fuddling his wits. Franz, his sweetheart, whom he finally marries after endless talk and consideration of the step, his family, and his heavy-thinking chums, are a set of garrulous bores who are likely to exhaust the reader's patience before he has labored halfway through the book.

THE PREMEDITATED VIRGIN. By NALBRO BARTLEY. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

The flapper heroine of this frothy, artificial story—daughter of an urbane divorced couple in their forties who still maintain friendly relations—is sagely determined to manage her own life on the basis of avoiding the errors of her mother's carelessly regulated past and steering a straight course to advantageous marriage with some man she truly loves. The idea is a bright and rational one, but the successful carrying out of Mary Ann's scheme is retarded and complicated by moral obligations to frailer members of her circle, the steadfast loyalty with which she stands by the ruined sister of her fiancé, parental handicaps, and the endeavor to fit herself for a remunerative vocation. The story contains many capably drawn portraits of frivolous, shallow, average people, but the narrative is constantly padded with incidents, descriptions, and dialogue which contribute little toward development of the main theme.

NAKED ON ROLLER SKATES. By MAXWELL BODENHEIM. Liveright. 1930. $2.

This book combines the delight in the *revolte* which was current some ten years ago, with the recent and unprecedented fondness for the purely tough. Mr. Bodenheim's characters are violently in revolt without being quite clear what they are revolting against, and Mr. Bodenheim himself seems to have some of the same difficulty in finding an oppressor. He is much concerned with lust, which he calls, with inexplicable resentment, "the old febrility, in a hundred thousand individual variations, which novelists are commanded not to dwell upon." Thackeray had some reason for uttering a similar protest against the restrictions laid upon the fulness of a novelist's powers, but any one today, especially the author of "Naked on Roller Skates," who complains that he may not write about sex, has not kept up with the progress of his own revolt.

One has somewhat the same feeling about his characters. His hero, a man of fifty-six who has knocked about all over the world and at the beginning of the book is a travelling medicine-man selling snake oil, and his heroine, a country girl who throws herself at him, saying that she wants to go with him and to be punched in the face, seem to

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

have no idea what they want beyond excitement. That much is excellent; every one must be able to sympathize with the hero's contempt for the poor people all around him who live and die like sheep, contented with stupid work and stupider pleasures. But the more one expects from this pair of runaways, the more one will be disappointed to find them settling down to manage a cheap quick-lunch stand in New York. For the reader, the Coffee Pot is relieved from dulness only by Mr. Bodenheim's singularly forceful and intimate presentation of an unfamiliar scene; but for the runaways who ran it, it must soon have become familiar to the point of inexpressible dreariness. There is an admixture of Harlem night life, of gangsters, and so on, but nothing that convinces one that it was worth coming so far, and pouring such scorn upon the satisfied sheep, to be satisfied with no more than that.

Mr. Bodenheim's style is notable; he writes in a lean, nervous manner that is perfectly suited to his atmosphere; it compels admiration and at the same time tries the nerves just as the pacing of a fine, unexercised wolfhound does; it deserves better matter.

A WOMAN ON HER WAY. By JOHN VAN DRUTEN. Knopf. 1931.

This book is a study in sophisticated futility, as perhaps the title will suggest. The principal character, a woman perpetually on her way from one house to another, is a member of London's Bohemia, a writer of fairly successful novels, which she regards as a way of getting a living as good as another. She was unhappily married, divorced, and left unable to bear children; at the beginning of the book she lives alone, taking occasional lovers in strict obedience to a moral code of her own. She has innumerable acquaintances whose society she enjoys, her days are always full to bursting, but she is altogether unsatisfied. She is not getting what she wants from life, and she has no idea what it is that she does want. In the course of the book she has two highly unsatisfactory love affairs, an unsatisfactory lecture tour in America, and various other unsatisfactory adventures. In the end she joins with a man in much the same situation as herself, but without much hope.

There is much that is commendable in "A Woman on Her Way," but its good qualities are chiefly negative. Although it is laid in a very fast set, it is not in the least sensational; and it also avoids the other temptation of Bohemian novels, a plethora of epigram and superficial brilliance. The people are quite convincing, and they do not try one's patience as fictitious characters are apt to do who are unhappy through no assignable reason. Not only the heroine, but all the crowd of other characters, with their spitefulness and *arrivisme* and noisy emptiness, are credible and even sympathetic; one understands that having got into their squirrel cage they cannot get out. But though the people do not exhaust one's patience, the book may. There is such a multitude of actors that one gets lost among them, forgetting who is whose lover and whose *divorcé*. There is an unending succession of incidents, all in the same vein. Mr. Van Druten has succeeded in giving the impression he intended of heartless hurrying vacuity; but it is dangerous to draw futility so large and give the reader nothing else to refresh him.

THE BORGIAS *or* AT THE FEET OF VENUS. By VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑÉZ. *Translated by* ARTHUR LIVINGSTON. Dutton. 1930. $3.

It is not, as you might reasonably conclude from the title, the great Renaissance Pope and his family whom Señor Ibañéz has depicted as "at the feet of Venus" but an idle young scion of theirs in the twentieth century who ponders what he has learned of his ancestors in the intervals of a trite love affair. What the young Borgia gathers in sporadic fashion is that the Borgias were no worse than most of their contemporaries, only, being foreigners and unlucky in the end, the objects of more abuse. A rambling account of the great doings of the family in the sixteenth century, which fills most of the volume, is irritatingly interrupted from time to time by the heartburnings of their uninteresting young descendant. Of all the ways to sugar-coat the pill of history this is the worst. Perhaps Señor Ibañéz meant thus to apologize, unnecessarily, for the amateurish and second hand quality of his investigation. Or perhaps the present volume does not represent what he would have meant at all. That is perhaps the most charitable conclusion.

History

ITALY AFTER THE RENAISSANCE: Decadence and Display in the Seventeenth Century. By LACY COLLISON-MORLEY. Holt. 1931, $5.

This book is pretentious only in its title. Mr. Collison-Morley approaches seventeenth century Italy through the seventeenth century English travelers and his volume is a survey of what an intelligent traveler might have seen and reported of the peninsula in the days of the Spanish domination. He knows his travelers well, particularly Coryot, Evelyn, and Laselles and quotes them and the correspondence of Sir Henry Wotton frequently. And he has supplemented them with wide, if unmethodical, reading in the literature of and about the period, and with open-eyed wandering in the places they visited. His book has much of the charm and interest of a travel diary, and most of its defects.

Of the opera and the *commedia del arte*, of the pageants and carnivals, of low life in Naples and the amusements of foreigners in Venice there are illuminating little sketches in which something of the very spirit of the *seicento* is recaptured. But the method is so consistently digressive as to make it idle to speak of digressions. Even the plan of dealing in order with the principal cities and provinces is as often interrupted or departed from as adhered to; the chapters are very uneven; the style has much of the jerky, hurried quality of notes jotted in margins or scribbled in hotel writing rooms; and in the pursuit of an anecdote, the description of a costume, or the recollection of a page from "I Promessi Sposi," whatever thread of organic explanation was being followed is usually lost beyond recovery. And Mr. Collison-Morley's eye is ever that of a traveler on the grand tour, alert only for the striking, the superficial, the exterior. To our real comprehension of a place and time so important to the understanding of modern history, and so badly in need of revaluation, now that the protestant, the romantic, and the liberal prejudices which obscured its real meaning are subsiding, he has nothing significant to contribute.

INCREDIBLE TRUTH. By IRVIN S. COBB. Cosmopolitan. 1931. $2.50.

This seems to be a collection of syndicated newspaper articles which might better have been (and probably once were) called something like "Great Events of History as Contemporaneously Reported." With the fellow interest of a reporter, Mr. Cobb has selected some thirty-odd primary source narratives dealing with critical occurrences, the doings of great men, the course of famous events. Here are some of the most celebrated of eyewitness stories—Captain Scott's diary, Pliny's report of the eruption of Vesuvius, Russell's story of the battle of Bull Run, the log of Columbus's voyage, and so on. For reasons of space they have usually had to be abridged, however, and on the whole they probably suffer by it. Also, while some of these stories are the work of great reporters, none of them is more coherent and vivid than Tacitus's account of the death of Agrippina, which despite the compiler's comment was not the work of an eyewitness, but of a critical historian working sixty years after the event. Surely Mr. Cobb, as an old newspaperman, would have admitted that a competent rewrite man can make a much better story (however it may differ from what actually happened) than the average eyewitness.

THE WHITE ARMY. By GENERAL A. DENIKINE. Translated from the Russian by CATHERINE ZVEGINTZOV. Cape-Smith. 1930.

Outside of Russia the heroic though sad epic of the White Army is little known. The struggle in which that army was engaged fighting against the "Bolshevist enslavement" was overshadowed by the events of the world war and its aftermath. Yet that struggle began at the time when the Soviet Government was negotiating peace with Germany at Brest Litovsk, and it went on for two years after the Armistice on the Western front had been signed.

The volume here reviewed is the work of an author, who during two years was the commander-in-chief of the White forces subsequently called the "Armies of the South." It contains a comprehensive story of the civil war in Russia.

At the beginning of the struggle the White, or Volunteer "army" numbered only four thousand men. The first campaign was started under exceptional conditions: "A mere handful of men lost in the wide Don steppes . . . (among them) two Commanders-in-Chief of the Russian Army (in the World war) . . . with a rifle slung over their shoulder . . . trudged through the deep snow in a winding column. . . ." After the column crossed into the Kuban territory (Northern Caucasia) Cossacks began to enlist, and it was joined by a detachment. Next, the Don region rose, and the strength of the White force increased considerably. It kept on growing, despite continuous fighting against the heaviest odds, and by the Fall of 1918 rose to one hundred and sixty thousand men. At the climax of its successes the White Army advanced to a line running from Kiev to Tsaritsyn (on the Volga) and was only a hundred miles away from Moscow (at Orel). After the Armies of the South were forced to retreat from that line they kept on fighting for a year, taking the offensive on many occasions. Their retreat and final failure (in the end of 1920 the remnants of the White Army were evacuated from the Crimea) were caused not so much by the numerical superiority of the Reds, as by what was "infinitely worse"—the situation in the rear necessitating a diversion of reserves to "internal fronts." In the words of the author "the people, while detesting the Bolsheviks . . . refused to realize that the White régime was powerless to pacify and regulate within a short space of time the seething turmoil caused by this upheaval in national life."

International

I. AMERICANS. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. Oxford University Press. 1931.

In an article in *Harper's* some two years ago, Señor Salvador de Madariaga observed that Americans are boys, and added that they are boys who are extraordinarily fond of having visiting uncles come to tell them stories. Now when the uncles cannot be there, they sometimes write letters, which are printed in the boys' magazines, and "First Americans" is a collection of the letters of such an uncle-in-absentia, sent back by a traveller whose wanderings in the cause of international righteousness have taken him around the shores of the North Atlantic even as those of the first writer of Epistles took him around the Mediterranean. And like the teaching of his earlier model, Señor de Madariaga's teaching is a little by direct exhortation, but mostly by parable.

The essay "World Government—a Dream or a Necessity" is of the former type, but such bits as "Bulls, Irish, Spanish, and Italian" or "Mules and Frontiers" are distinctly of the latter. The effectiveness of paradox, which is the essential effectiveness of all of Señor de Madariaga's writing, is most obvious, perhaps, in "Senator Borah vs. Senator Borah" and "I'm Alone. Am I Alone?", but it appears throughout. The letters are, in fact, amiable commentaries on the inconsistencies of small citizenries as seen by a citizen of the world. They are dedicated to Americans of all nations, "persons," to quote the prefatory note, "who do feel the new world spirit and the new world faith, yet find it hard to part with the old tribal prejudices and cosy insularities." If the parallel of "First Americans" were followed to the end, it would appear that in the eyes of Señor de Madariaga, as in the eyes of a number of other contemporary writers, we are the Romans. The next question is, who are the Corinthians?

THE SOVIET CHALLENGE TO AMERICA. By GEORGE S. COUNTS. Day. 1931.

Professor Counts has seen a good deal of Soviet Russia, including what he saw on a long tour in a Ford car a summer or two ago. His main contention is that back of all the excesses and stupidities of Bolshevism there rises an active ideal of human equality so vital that the rest of the world may not, for its own security, much longer ignore it. Instead of trying to shut out Communism, it must fashion an alternative program "to discipline the energies and humanize the spirit of industrial civilization."

In support of this contention, he makes a thoroughgoing analysis of the spirit and accomplishments of the Revolution in various fields, including a careful appraisal of the Five Year Plan. Dr. Counts has an instinctive urge for the twelve-pound word and for turning into polysyllabic abstractions the simple and concrete. If books about Russia were not sprouting from every bush, his might be regarded as an unusually welcome and useful work. Possibly it is, anyway. But with so much that is lively and interesting being written about Russia and the Russians, and so much that is interesting and lively to write, there are undoubtedly limits to a writer's permissible business.

Philosophy

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INTELLIGENCE AND WILL. By H. G. WYATT. Harcourt, Brace. 1930.

What is intelligence? is coming to replace the ancient query: What is truth? Mr. Wyatt contributes a critical study, much of it of interest to the professional psychologist only. But it deals with fundamentals. The behaviorist's use of the stimulus-response formula ignores the problem; the Gestaltist makes an important correction; both, along with Thurstone and Thorndyke, miss the point by neglecting the relevancy of the relations that bring solutions. Intelligence derives from the instincts; impulse and intelligence divide the field between them. But the driving power of the impulse takes the issue over to the will, as its relevant direction reaches up to intelligence.

Much of Mr. Wyatt's thesis is by way of protest to the easy and misleading solutions popular in simplified psychology. He reinstates consciousness, and finds it necessary to place the trend toward intelligence as itself a datum of the biological equipment. As an initial critique it is helpful; the next stage is a constructive incorporation of this corrected view of intelligence into an educational program.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX. By ERWIN WEXBERG. Translated by W. BERAN WOLFE. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.50.

In view of current parodies, one may well ask, "Are more books on sex necessary?" Confusion is unavoidable, for the advice is discordant. The Freudians are responsible for putting sex so conspicuously on the map; formerly a province, it is now a continent. Dr. Wexberg and his translator, Dr. Wolfe, are Adlerians. They reject as completely as the orthodox psychiatrist the Freudian sexualization of the entire stream of vital energy and the description of the stages of unfoldment in sex terms. Œdipus and castration and incest are relegated to psycho-mythology. The sexual life is regarded as one of the major fields of social adjustment; as the most intimate and pervasive, its significance is profound. It takes its place in the total adjustment of the individual to the total goal of his activities. A sex handicap or frustration or pervasion engenders an inferiority feeling and may lead to neuroses. On the constructive side the redemption of sex is love, which is a psychic infusion and a high-grade product of cultural evolution. The general trend of the exposition is toward a commonsense view of the lovelife and an avoidance of the psychoanalytic extremes. By the same token there is a tendency toward posing as scientific what has only the warrant of a system of interpretation of the psychic urges, which is partial at best. This Adlerian view of sex psychology serves to clarify the divergences of Freud and his dissenting followers.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

THERE should be something light and airy about this department, it is so often picked up and taken somewhere with the postman in hot pursuit. Not all these personal answers it sends out have New York postmarks. I have not "traveled" since my twenties, but every now and then I have something to do somewhere and I go there and live till it is done, in Paris or Chelsea, Vienna, Vermont or—as just now—a swift succession of cities from Iowa to Michigan. If you are working in a place you are living there, if but for a day, not just passing through, and if as in the case of the Reader's Guide your work involves talking about books and answering questions about them from numbers of representative citizens, you will take away from the town more than the pictures on its postcards. Even its postmark on a letter long afterward will have a special look. Also you may correct your ideas about your country and the state of its drama beyond Broadway, supposing you to be one of those who lament the death of "the road." I do not believe that Peoria, Ill., in the best days of the road enjoyed a better evening's dramatic entertainment than it gave me by an amateur production of Noel Coward's "Hay Fever," one of a series put on by the local Little Theatre, and I could have spent every evening of the trip at a similar performance of some outstanding modern play. By the way, *a dramatic society in Manila, Philippine Islands, has been giving plays for several seasons past, and asks for suggestions for next season's repertoire.* Experiences will be welcomed.

I rode into St. Louis on an interurban owl electric, and it had staterooms just like those on the Flying Scotsman. On the Père Marquette I encountered that triumph of democracy, the "salon car," a sort of Pullmanesque affair on a self-service basis and at regular rates; there was no diner but the conductor said that could be arranged. So he telephoned ahead and at Bangor, Mich., I heard a homelike voice under the window saying if she'd known ahead of time what folks wanted they could have had it cooked for 'em, and the conductor's assurance that you couldn't go wrong with pork and beans. But when he came back with a market basket all for me, there was a peerless New England boiled dinner complete with vegetables, cut-up lettuce with home-made boiled dressing, coffee in a Mason jar, and a slice of such meringue pie as slides down soulfully and lingers in remembrance. I had not been eating hearty, my mind was on my mother's eyes back home in hospital and food somehow choked, but there was something so kind about the whole thing that I left not a scrap, to the conductor's beaming approval. My country, 'tis in thee that such things happen; the lady of the basket may quite well have been president of the local woman's club; for all I know she reads the *S. R. of L.* I hope she does, so she may learn that I have already planned a request program to send ahead the next time I ride the Père Marquette.

A. M. B., Winthrop, Mass., says "please give a beginner in Proust a list of enlightening criticisms on his works."

THE latest to appear is in Edmund Wilson's highly important work, "Axel's Castle" (Scribner), a searching study of symbolism from Poe to Valéry, Joyce, and other moderns including Proust. A. Dandieu's "Marcel Proust" (Oxford) is recent; André Maurois's "The Chelsea Way: Marcel Proust in London" came out last summer in England where Elkin Mathews publishes it at fifteen shillings. I find Clive Bell's "Proust" (Harcourt, Brace) a stimulating introduction, brief and provocative: "Marcel Proust, His Life and Work," by Léon Pierre-Quint (Knopf), has a wider field, and its bibliography adds value; "From Pascal to Proust," by G. Turquet-Milnes (Cape, London), is called "studies in the genealogy of a philosophy"; the author was already known as a sympathetic interpreter of Bergson. The attitude of Harvey Wickham's "The Impuritans" (Dial), in which Proust is considered among others, may be inferred from the title. Proust's distinctive style and method are discussed in Edith Wharton's "The Writing of Fiction" (Scribner), and in Janko Lavrin's "Studies in European Literature" (Constable) where he is taken with Dostoievsky. He figures in "Men Seen," by Paul Rosenfeld (Dial), with twenty-three others including Lawrence, Apollinaire, Claudel, Joyce, and some whose aura has already a trifle faded since 1925, and in "Five Masters," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Cape-Smith), together with Boccaccio, Stendhal, Cervantes, and Samuel Richardson. There are more books on this list than a general reader will need, but they are all worth inclusion in libraries; if any student needs magazine articles as well I can send him names of seven that stand out among many. It is worth adding that one may now get quite a way into "Récherche du Temps Perdu" by the inexpensive means of the Modern Library.

F. P., Florida, asks for the exact wording of the award to Sinclair Lewis of the Nobel.

THE diploma accompanying the prize says that it is "awarded to Sinclair Lewis for his powerful and vivid art of description and his ability to use wit and humor in the creation of original characters." So many calls have come to Harcourt, Brace for the complete text of Mr. Lewis's address before the Swedish Academy on December 12 that they have printed a booklet with this speech as well as one by Erik Axel Karlfeldt, permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy, on why he was awarded the prize. The booklet is on sale at bookstores at twenty-five cents a copy.

H. P. B., Allenwood, Pa., asks for books on the mammals of the Tertiary Period, particularly those of the Western Hemisphere.

"THIS," he says, "should go to a palæontologist, but we don't know one." This department does, and called upon Miss Jeannette May Lucas, assistant librarian of the Osborn Library of Vertebrate Palæontology, for the list that follows: "Animals of the Past," by F. A. Lucas, a handbook of the American Museum of Natural History, a series of chapters simply and popularly explaining the more interesting facts dealing with fossil animals and making an excellent introduction. "A History of Land Mammals in the Western Hemisphere," by W. B. Scott (Macmillan), the only completely authoritative text dealing with this subject; while a little difficult in spots it may be read without great effort. "The Age of Mammals," by H. F. Osborn (Scribner), is now out of print but will be reissued; it is comprehensive and authoritative, deals with foreign countries as well as America, and is particularly valuable for the critical summaries in English of foreign work. "The Tertiary Sedimentary Record and its Problems," by W. D. Matthew (Yale University Press), lectures on the Silliman Foundation in 1913, though perhaps somewhat difficult, contains a great mass of carefully considered and correlated data.

J. B. P., Williamstown, Mass., is looking for novels or biographies dealing with the ocean passage from England in 1687 or thereabouts and with life in the settlements of Pennsylvania and Delaware at that time.

HIS own ancestors crossed in that year and he would like to read something about the life of that time: he has histories of the period but not biographies or fiction. I asked the librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Mr. Ernest Spoffard, who says that "Nancy Lloyd: the Journal of a Quaker Pioneer," by Anne Lloyd B. Thomas, published by Frank Maurice, 1927, begins in Wales in 1681 and ends in Pennsylvania in 1700, and would be of interest to this reader. Possibly other readers may know of other books. Christopher Ward, parodist and novelist, has written a history of "The Dutch and Swedes on the Delaware" (University of Pennsylvania Press) that goes from 1609 only to 1664, but a little matter of twenty years should not put the reader off so rich and unexpected a work—I use that adjective because many of us will be surprised to learn that Penn found the shores of the Delaware settled and flourishing when he arrived; this tells the story of the pioneers who were there fifty years before him. It begins with Hudson and the Indian life he found and closes with the coming of the English when "for the second and last time the curtain was rung down on the drama of the Dutch on the Delaware."

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Les Livres de L'Enfance

By Wilbur Macey Stone

THEY order," said I, "this matter better in France." Now, as then. The present example is a catalogue of early juveniles, quite the most elaborate, beautiful, all embracing bibliographical work treating of this much-neglected byway among printed books. But now nursery literature has come into its own, and this huge work in two volumes, one of text and one of plates has come out of France, to shame the backwardness and lack of enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon, both English and American.

These volumes are in quarto, nearly a foot high and the volume of text alone weighs four pounds and describes more than 6,200 items. The work is issued in two editions, one of 100 copies on Holland paper, the other of 900 copies on papier velin. Incidentally, there is a price on its head, 700 francs for the Holland paper edition and 400 francs for the other, but to a lover of children's early books this work is quite indispensable and well worth its cost.

For some years, a Paris house, Gumuchian et Cie., specializing in old and rare books, has been quietly collecting the ephemera of children's reading of days long gone. The examples offered range from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries.

While juvenile literature has been usually considered beneath the notice of pundits, there have been, for years, a few who have written instructively and entertainingly on the subject, it has remained for the twentieth century and France to produce a work that must be classed with the standard bibliographies. Comprehensive it certainly is, but exhaustive it is not. The subject is too large for inclusion between two covers. The work has a preface in French, of fourteen pages and an introduction in English of six pages. These are both very informative and scholarly.

The catalogue opens with a fine collection of ABC books, including perfect examples as early as the sixteenth century. English and New England Primers are well represented, as are the now amusing examples of the early nineteenth century.

The flowery and gilt little books of John Newbery include such priceless items as early issues of "Goody Two Shoes," Richardson's "Pamela," Fielding's "Joseph Andrew's," and others, condensed for children's use.

The French juveniles, beginning with an edition of Perrault of 1700 and one of Countesse D'Aulnoy of 1760, take us back to the origins of many fairy tales famous in English translations, while the later French juveniles, mostly unknown to American and English collectors, are of great beauty.

An important division of the catalogue includes the little books with cut-out colored figures having movable heads, to be shifted from one picture to another as the story proceeds. These were issued in England early in the nineteenth century by S. & J. Fuller. To find these in good condition, with the movable heads, is an achievement.

There are numerous volumes with hand-colored illustrations, very precious to us today.

A wonderful lot of different editions of "La Civilité Puérile," including the edition of 1564, printed in Robert Granjon's famous type, is described and illustrated.

There are more than fifty examples of the books of Newberry and his successors, a remarkable list.

Of "Sandford and Merton," there are offered examples of twenty-five different editions beginning with the three volume first edition of 1783 to 1789. Thirteen different issues of "Goody Two Shoes" enrich the text, including the fourth English edition of 1767 and the first American by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester in 1787.

Under Chap Books are listed eight pages of the little toy books, mostly English, which appeared in great quantities in the first two decades of the nineteenth century. Many of these are illustrated with Bewick woodcuts and are highly attractive.

The "Cries of London" was a subject always pleasing to children and most of the toy book printers stocked them. The catalogue offers sixteen examples, beginning with one of about 1760 illustrated with copper plate engravings.

My particular favorite, Watts's "Divine Songs for Children," has been assiduously sought, resulting in an offering of eighteen examples. In spite of a record of about seven hundred different issues of this once popular juvenile, the catalogue lists about a dozen not before found.

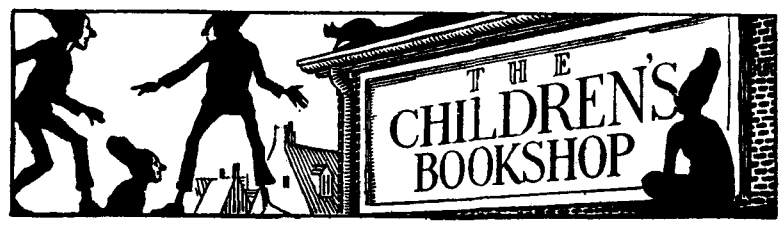
All early children's bookshops featured games, of course. A popular type comprised large folding sheets, richly colored, showing maps over which the players made journeys. The "Mansion of Happiness" and the "Path of Life" were other titles. There are seventeen pages of this class of entertainment, mostly French and English.

An outstanding set of very small books for children was issued by Thomas Boreman, from his book-stall in the Guildhall in London in 1740 and later, under the general title of the "Gigantick Histories." There were nine volumes in all, each two and one-quarter inches high, bound in embossed Dutch paper. Very few copies have survived, but three of them are included in the catalogue.

The volume of plates is, of course, highly attractive and is the most important and extensive picture book of juveniles ever issued. More than one thousand books are illustrated in collotype, including many hand-colored and two elaborately reproduced in color and gold.

Now as to the prices, a not unimportant feature. While there are many very moderately priced, the values set on the "high spots" soar to almost unbelievable heights. The items are priced in French francs which make a formidable showing but with the franc at a bit under four cents in our money, the dollar value is not so staggering, in most cases. However, the price of the first edition of "Sandford and Merton" resolves itself into $1,000.00 U. S. The Newbery edition of "Pamela" of about 1790, $800.00, Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," Newbery, 1784, $560.00 and "Sir Charles Grandison," Newbery 1783, $720. The fourth English edition of "Goody Two Shoes" and the first American one are offered together at the really astonishing price of $3,400.00. A pair of Boreman's "Gigantick Histories" are priced at $180.00, several times their weight in gold. But do not despair, there are many highly desirable little books, which would enrich any collection, to be had at from $3 to $10 each.

To a veteran collector, who has been plodding along this back street for a third of a century, as has the writer, this catalogue is an epoch making event, and one calculated to raise his blood pressure dangerously! He can only feel deep pity for those who have but recently awakened to the great attraction of this very rich field. But—there are still byways and hedges which provide good pickings for those with patience and perseverance. Lacking these, the Gumuchian catalogue is overflowing with riches.



Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

Reviews

THE HOSTAGES. By Naomi Mitchison. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Agnes Carr Vaughan

MRS. MITCHISON has made another distinct contribution to the children's bookshelf. She has done more; she has stimulated all who are interested in improving literature for young readers. For she has studied her sources, and she has respected them. To produce a book, however, such as "The Hostages," requires more than a faithful reading of records; it requires sympathetic interpretation and the ability to write with imagination. These qualities Mrs. Mitchison shows in her book.

The title is that of the second story in a group of nine ranging over a period of some fourteen hundred years. They include Persians, Greeks, Romans, barbarians, Byzantines, and English, all of whom behave as human beings should—and should not. The title becomes, then, a sign-post to direct attention to that important, yet wretched, part played by boys in their early 'teens in the drama of ancient and medieval warfare.

Held as hostages for the behavior of their cities when they fell into the power of Rome, these youngsters led an exciting life. Some were kindly treated, as was little Elxsente; others were left orphans in the hands of conquering generals who either sold them into slavery, as Brig was sold in "Quintus Getting Well," or abandoned them to shift for themselves. The lives of these unfortunates supply the main theme of three stories, each of which, as do most of the others, occurs after the passing of a peak in the history of civilization.

Peaks imply valleys where a man may settle and gather his goods about him, where he may live in security until economic pressure or the desire to penetrate hidden fastnesses brings his security crashing about his ears. If he is lucky, he escapes to another valley, or his children do, only to repeat the same experience, until nations emerge from the tangle of peoples and establish frontiers which endure for a time.

Peaks and valleys, and a young Europe harassed by her growing-pains; this is the framework of the book. An introduction precedes each story, explaining, in stirring phrase, the events of the period. So we begin after that first meeting between East and West when Greece conquered Persia; we follow the spread of the Roman Empire to the limits of the known world—and we watch that same Roman Empire pass from lusty youth to improvident old age and fall, at length, before barbarians from the North. Venice emerges from her mud flats to offer us a tantalizing glimpse of what she means to become, while jewelled Constantinople, crouching on her hills, eyes the blue waters of the Bosphorus, and holds in check the heathen Turk.

Last comes England, the England of Harold Godwinson, before the arrival of William of Normandy—the Tanner, men called him, who fought the thanes and conquered them or killed them, when they did not escape to the service of foreign kings. Exciting enough, these introductions, even without the vivid tales which follow them.

In the tales there are certain minor faults, some of construction, others of language, but these are due to an imaginative vision which occasionally sweeps the author from her feet. For example, in "Cottia Went to Bibracte," Cottia, who tells her story herself, talks so fast and yet in so detached a fashion that one scarcely sympathizes with her, not even when Vercingetorix throws a cup of wine in her face. Doubtless this is just as well; children's minds need no overstimulation, and the average grown-up will not be troubled.

It is difficult to select favorites among these stories. Perhaps "Bread and Water," or "The First Breaking of England," but let the children decide. They will enjoy the illustrations, too, by Logi Southby, for the artist has understood and appreciated each detail of this altogether fascinating book.

A far cry it seems from the thunderous gigantic realms of Asgard and Jotunheim to the delicate elfin world of Irish folk lore, yet here too in "There Was Magic in Those Days" we are dealing with giants. Giants they are by comparison only, for it is the fascinating old theme of Gulliver's Travels' fame that Mr. O'Connor has revived, basing his tale upon the King of the Leprachauns journey to Emania.

Children and grown-ups alike will love this new treatment of the ever-engaging theme of little people astray among giants, of a giant human a hostage among the little people. The glamorous description of fairyland and its entirely satisfactory representatives to the country of mortals is the story's chief charm. Here are the captivating manners and customs of the Leprechauns. We have read them before and they are still irresistible.

This is indeed one of the distinctive books of 1930. A title page that takes us at one glance into the heart of fairyland is indebted to J. Gower Parks for the magic of the delightful ornamentation. The illustrations, apart from their real sympathy with the story, are perfectly in keeping with the delicate yet clear type and with the general make-up of the book. Is it pure luck that Mr. O'Conor has fallen in with publishers who could make of his book something that seems as effortless as his style and as perfect as his story teller's touch?

Longmans, Green and Co. announce the prize of their 1930 Juvenile Fiction Contest as Mrs. Laura Adams Armer of Berkeley.

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Bibliomania

THE ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. Vol. 1 of two to be issued. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 1931. $7.50.

THE former editor of *The World To-day* has turned to look back into the world of yesterday, to find what has been said by the men of the past about books and book-collecting. Mr. Holbrook Jackson is known by his several books, notably "The Eighteen Nineties" and "William Morris, a Biography," as well as by his connection with Claude Lovat Frazer in the Flying Fame Press. He was also joint author of "A Brief Survey of Printing." Such works will explain his interest in books. But this, his latest volume, is something different from his previous ventures, as it is unique among recent publications.

The plan and scope of the book is deliberately and avowedly taken from old Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." That there is a connection between the love of books and the mad passion of the devotees of book-collecting, and melancholia—since much reading wearies the flesh if it does not affect the brain—is implicit in the use of Burton's title: though what Jackson has in mind is rather Burton's manner of writing and arrangement.

The Parts of This Book (how easily one falls into the style!) include chapters on: Books in General, Their Morphology and Dimensions, The Pleasure of Books, The Art of Reading, The Uses of Books, Book-Eaters and Book-Drinkers, A Pageant of Bookmen, The Influence of Books, Books Pharmaceutically Disposed, etc.

Of the archaic manner and diction much may be said in defense, for, as the author confesses, he found Burton's leisureliness and copious garrulity suited to his subject of bibliomania; and, furthermore, found in the "ample form and slow measure of his diction . . . a refuge from the dirt track of civilization." Equally far from the dirt track of civilization is Mr. Jackson's prose. So far it is indeed, both in matter and manner, that many will find it but hard and dull reading—unless they love books.

But even if it be dull to the devourers of detective stories it is nevertheless an amazing and stimulating book. I know of no book of recent times so diligently unconcerned with the market-place or with current tastes or with anything save the humors of the gently mad tribe of book lovers who will continue to flourish in spite of the movies and the motor car. It is an astonishing book for 1931—like a vast, slow upheaval of fertile acres out of the sea of time.

The book is freighted with a prodigious amount of learning and reading. It is not only bibliomaniacal, it is also bibliographical and anthological. Above all the latter. That one man could collect, and having collected, sort out and reduce to sequence and appositeness so many sayings of other men on the subject of books is a wonder. What an astonishing wealth of citation and extracts! What a diversity of creatures here give testimony to the "substantial world of books!" What a crowd of witnesses to the love of the printed word! The universality of books, from the times before printing to our day, needs no further testimony than such a collection of evidence as this.

Such a book is not merely to be recommended: it is a treasure house of wit and wisdom for the comfort and guidance of bibliophiles. It is not for the Crime Club, but for book lovers. Read ten pages and you will be surfeited; but, not so long after, you will want ten more. It is not a book to be read at a sitting, but to be read *in*.

This is the first of two volumes, the second promised for May of this year. And that colophonic promise states that there will be an index! The book is set in good type, well printed, with good margins, on good paper; if not a distinguished book, it is—I speak typographically—what is quite as good, a thoroughly sound piece of book making. R.

Erewhon and Cheshire House

SAMUEL BUTLER'S "EREWHON, OR OVER THE RANGES." New York: Cheshire House. 1931.

SAMUEL BUTLER'S satire on European civilization of the mid-Victorian days has long needed reprinting in good form. It is one of the first attacks on machinery which came as a result of experience, and it is an entertaining, if now outdated, attack on some of the grosser forms of Victorian hypocrisy. Apparently not many people know it—it has not the popularity of some of Butler's other works.

The Cheshire House edition before me is well printed, but without distinction. The type is Baskerville, a very readable face, set with ample leads. The paper is mellow in tone and feel. The binding is simple—black cloth back and interesting pattern-paper sides. In size and shape the book is well handled. There has, however, been so much publicity given to Cheshire House by the press that it is fair to say that one expected a book of rather outstanding excellence as a first offering. It is extremely unfortunate that a simpler launching of the enterprise could not have been achieved. For this first book, while it has no particular flaws, has several small blemishes. In the first place, the pages of type, quite without decoration or even design, are bleak and impoverished. The title page is marred by a bad first line, and the initial letters are weak and finicky.

There is an introduction by H. M. Tomlinson which will be read with enjoyment by those who appreciate his prose and his attitude toward modern life.

Of the pictures by Charles Tomlinson, not much, unfortunately, can be said: they are slight and not adequate to the text.

This book as it stands is an excellent trade edition (save for the paper, which is better than usual in even a good trade edition). If Cheshire House imprints are to be worth while, they must rise appreciably above the trade book class. As I have pointed out before, so many galleys of type struck off into page length do not make a book. A book has to be designed and built up from impeccable units into a coherent and logical whole. When accomplished, such a piece of work explains and justifies itself. R.

Mr. Clemens of Hartford

MARK TWAIN'S BURLESQUE AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Larchmont: Peter Pauper Press. 1930. $3.50. Random House, distributor.

THIS book is rendered the more interesting because of a good-for-the-soul confession by the printers in the preface that the public has been fooled long enough by small, thin books at tall, fat prices! Well, if this fact has penetrated throughout the limited edition field, the late financial depression will not have been in vain! No one asks for something-for-nothing, but if we are asked to pay large prices for books we at least want something in return. We wish more printers would be as frank as the proprietors of the Peter Pauper Press.

The present volume is similar in format to the same printer's "Benjamin Franklin on Marriage," issued last year. There is a frontispiece "portrait" of Mark Twain by Herb Roth—and not so bad either. Mark would have enjoyed it, as well as the numerous embellishments of the text in the way of old woodcuts. The printing, as might be surmised, the printer being Peter Beilensen, is done with spirit and finish. It is a good augury that he now has, as he says in the preface, enlarged his scheme of production by the facilities of a regular printing office—if only that doesn't mean too large a printing office. About one big job press and a font or two of type is really as much as most of us can direct to really satisfying ends! R.

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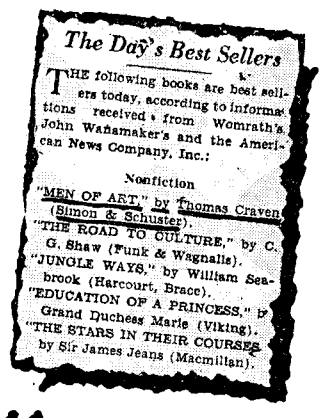
The Day's Best Sellers

THE following books are best sellers today, according to informations received from Womrath's, John Wanamaker's and the American News Company, Inc.:

Nonfiction

"MEN OF ART," by Thomas Craven (Simon & Schuster).
"THE ROAD TO CULTURE," by C. G. Shaw (Funk & Wagnalls).
"JUNGLE WAYS," by William Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace).
"EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS," by Grand Duchess Marie (Viking).
"THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES," by Sir James Jeans (Macmillan).

To celebrate *Men of Art*, and hail the hounds of Spring, *The Inner Sanctum* retreats further back into the comparative quietude of Paumonok and resumes its adventures arboricultural.

Your correspondents hereby serve notice that so long as Toscanini is in America, and so long as April, April laughs its girlish laughter and then the moment after weeps its girlish tears . . . these *Inner Sanctum* communiques are going to be drastically abbreviated. [Cries of "*And a good thing, too.*"]

There are only two new books to herald this week. *Samson and Delilah*, a novel by FELIX SALTEN, author of *Bambi—A Life in the Woods* . . . and *The Secret Image*, a novel by LAURENCE OLIVER, discovered in England by HUGH WALPOLE and THOMAS BURKE.

The Secret Image is a tragic story, but tragic in the sense so beautifully described by the author of *Limehouse Nights*: "*So many inferior artists have confused tragedy with misery, that, in the general mind, the word has come to imply depression, whereas it really implies exaltation.*"

The other notable news of the week concerns the imminent publication of the new work by FRANZ WERFEL, author of *Verdi, A Novel of the Opera, Goat Song, Juarez and Maximilian*, and *Class Reunion*. . . . The day is Thursday, April 30th. . . . Watch Werfel and expect great things. . . . *The Pure in Heart* has been chosen as the May selection of The Book League of America, and as the most important *Inner Sanctum* novel since *Wolf Solent*, in the intensely partial judgment of those unrepentant Werfelophiles:—

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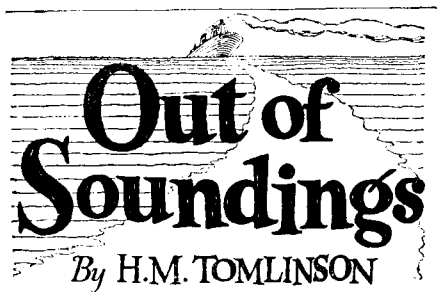

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AT 22 Essex Street, London, W.C.2, *Morley* and *Mitchell Kennerley Jr.* conduct a publishing house, true offspring of a sire who for years was an American publisher of note. They have brought out, among other volumes, *Arnold Genthe's* twenty-four photographic studies of the great *Isadora Duncan*. Now, most recently, they present an entertaining little book of reminiscences, "Adventures with *Bernard Shaw*," by *Dan Rider*, a bookseller to whom Shaw wrote, "Are you a bookseller by day and a burglar by night?" This volume is obtainable for one dollar in this country from May & Company, at 755 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts. . . .

Out of Chicago comes a new stunt printed and distributed by Rand McNally & Company and published by Histomap, Inc. The Histomap is a chart in eight colors showing a continuous record of the shifting division of world power for the past forty centuries. Outstanding events and personages are noted down. The whole stream of human history is before you at a glance. Anybody interested in it should communicate with Histomap, Inc., at 700 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. The map costs a dollar. It is designed to be the first of a series of such maps. We found it fascinating to pore over. . . .

We had the honor to be present the other evening at the Coffee House when *Dr. Traprock* celebrated his aging in the wood. The Dr.'s Memory Book is just being published by Putnam, and he was in fine fettle. Close upon the heels of his concluding remarks a loud exclamation from *Captain Bob Bartlett* was heard, and a resounding slap rent the welkin. Captain Bob had ventured to differ with the Doctor concerning polar exploration. At first it was hoped to hush up the affair, but soon extras of *The Housatonic Herald* made their appearance upon the table headlining the untoward event. Otherwise the entire party was a prime feast of unreason and flow of song. . . .

The Viking Press have brought out "Play the Game," the Book of Sport, edited by Mitchell V. Charnley. It is a Junior Literary Guild selection for older boys and covers all types of sport with discussions by many famous athletes. . . .

Burges Johnson has done for Harper's a new "Rhyming Dictionary and Poet's Handbook." It is a four-dollar book, but it ought to be useful to journeymen versifiers. An up-to-date dictionary of such a kind has been needed for some time. . . .

Random House has brought out for the Peter Pauper Press the tiny burlesque autobiography of *Mark Twain*, with a frontispiece portrait of Mark by *Herb Roth*. The price of the book is three fifty. It is a slight item, but the Mark Twain touch is upon it. . . .

Someone fairly recently wrote *Hugh Walpole* as follows:

I understand from comments in the Press that you are at work on your new novel. I am writing to inquire as to the fee you would charge for inserting a recognizable portrait of myself in the above work. I am ready, I may tell you, to pay a very considerable sum. The conditions are that my portrait must be recognizable to my friends, relations, and, most especially, to my enemies. I need not say that it will be immaterial whether the portrait be complimentary or otherwise.

Bentley Mulford of 519 West 121st Street, New York, advertises the only *Poe* biography by members of his family, "Edgar Allan Poe, A High Priest of the Beautiful," autographed at two ten. Also, if you send Mr. Mulford a contribution to the Poe-Björkman fund you will receive a photographic reproduction of *Olaf Björkman's* most interesting sculptural interpretation of Poe. . . .

Back in February we referred to *Henry Cuyler Bunner*, and *Gerard E. Jensen* writes us from New London, Connecticut:

I have completed the manuscript of his "Life and Letters" and am hopeful for its publication before many months. . . . I own the entire set of Bunner's works in firsts, seconds, English editions, etc.—but not all are firsts, and not all that appear to be first editions are really firsts. Here is a nice job for the expert bibliographer. Bunner's short stories are still read in schools, in colleges, and in public libraries. His works were reprinted (in part) about fifteen years ago in uniform bindings.

Literary parties nearly ruined us about a week ago. There was one given by *Ann Watkins* which flowed with milk and honey, there was a Century Company party high up in the St. Moritz on 59th Street, complete with roof garden and extraordinary view over the park. For that matter there's a Longmans, Green party this afternoon (we write on a Friday), and we've just had a telegram about it. But we shall have to rest up. We're falling to pieces. . . .

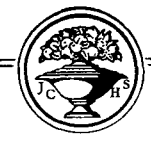
The Century party was for the author of "Green Hell," who seemed to be a most amiable author. We had the pleasure at the "tea" of introducing *Thornton Wilder's* sister to *Christopher Morley's* brother. As a member of the Brothers Club ourself we suggested to *Frank Morley*, that pillar of strength in the English firm of Faber & Faber, that he ought to allow *Miss Wilder* to open a sorority attached to it. . . .

We were recently an African explorer, being impressed with certain others, up at a Fifty-sixth street studio, as a mighty lion-hunter to pose for illustrations to a new book of adventure which will burst upon you a little later. The lion himself was very patient though he sweltered in his lionskin. The book will be Corey Ford's "Cocoanut Oil"—when he writes it! But after all, we were merely one of the rabble. From what we hear of the other illustrations it will, however, be one of our favorite picture books when printed. It is, we believe, to be published by Brewer, Warren, and Putnam. . . .

Matthew Josephson was recently arrested for speeding in the Bronx, and his explanation was that he was thinking about *Jean Jacques Rousseau*. That didn't impress the judge, though the biography of Rousseau that Josephson is completing should be an excellent affair when Harcourt brings it out. . . .

Ah well, anon, anon!

THE PHŒNICIAN.



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